Our China Missionary (1924-1941)

Chiang Kai-shek, Pearl S. Buck, Charles Lindbergh, and more

Rev. Dr. Paul V. Taylor

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(1924-1941)

**Chiang Kai-shek, Pearl S. Buck,
Charles Lindbergh, and more**

By: Rev. Dr. Paul V. Taylor
Edited by John D. Snyder, Esquire

A Note to Readers:

I must make one point clear at the outset. Every error in the text that follows, whether substantive, stylistic, grammatical, anachronistic, typographic or of any other kind, is mine and mine alone. Everything else is the work of the Rev. Dr. Paul V. Taylor, Ph.D., D.D.

Paul Vivian Taylor, my maternal grandfather, was born in Reamstown, Pennsylvania on September 30, 1892, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Harry M. and Amelia Taylor. He attended Muhlenberg College in Allentown, PA where he received his B.A. in 1914 and did graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania and the Hartford Seminary where he received his Ph.D. in 1929[1] and his Doctor of Divinity degree from Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, PA in 1942. He taught Greek and

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1 The title of Dr. Taylor's dissertation was "A Philosophy of Values in Christian Education."

chemistry at Albright College in Reading, PA from 1914 to 1918 where he met and married Frieda Fuehrer; high school mathematics in various Pennsylvania schools from 1918 to 1921; English at Huping College, Yochow, China from 1924 to 1927; and Philosophy of Education and Psychology at Huachung University in Wuchang, China (later known as Central China College) where Rev. Dr. Taylor was the Dean of the School of Education from 1929 to 1932 and the Dean of Faculty from 1930 to 1950. He was ordained in the Evangelical Church in Allentown, PA in 1917. He administered and personally led the move of Central China College in 1938-1942 and in 1945-46 some 1,500 miles under the most hostile conditions to Kweilin, China.[2] During the same period he served as chaplain to U.S. forces and in relief work. He

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2 Now known as Guilin, the destination is a prefecture-level city in the northeast of the Guangxi Zhuang Autonomous Region of far southern China, sitting on the west bank of the Li River.

remained in China for six months following the Communist revolution and returned to the United States in 1950 where he served as pastor of the Zion Church in Frostburg, MD until his death in 1974.

Rev. Dr. Taylor was survived by three children: son Edouard and daughters Jane and Nancy. All three children spent a portion of their childhood years with their parents in China. Edouard and Jane were educated at the American school in Kuling, China on scenic Mt. Lushan. Edouard, a fellow graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, worked with his father at Huachung from 1938 to 1945 and taught at an Evangelical and Reformed mission school in Yuanling[3], China where he met his wife, Helen. Edouard died in 1989 survived by two daughters, Margaret Stoner and Harriet Taylor. Jane (now

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3 A county in Hunan, China.

Slabaugh) has three children, Mandy Haas, C.B., and Paul. I am Nancy's son.

Rev. Dr. Taylor was a great man: one of only two I have known in my sixty some years. Many of his collected papers are now archived as the "Paul and Frieda Taylor Family Papers; Record Group No. 227" at the

> Yale University Divinity School Library
> 409 Prospect Street
> New Haven, CT 06520
> Email: divinity.library@yale.edu
> Phone: (203)432-5301
> Fax: (203) 432-3906
>
> This archive is introduced by the following:
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> Paul and Frieda Taylor were educational missionaries serving in central China under the Board of International Missions of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. From 1924 to 1927, Paul V. Taylor taught philosophy and English at Huping College, Yochow [now Yueyang], Hunan province. After a period in the U.S., Taylor served as professor and Dean of the School of

Education and later Dean of the Faculty at Huachung University (Central China College) in Wuchang between 1929 and 1950. Frieda Taylor was a musician who taught at Huachung and was mother to the couple's three children.

Rev. Taylor also left at least two draft manuscripts of a personal account of his early experiences in China. These drafts were typed on a manual typewriter on onionskin paper[4] to permit the simultaneous production of copies by means of carbon paper.[5] The copies I have used in the preparation of this draft were, when I received them more than fifty years after their preparation, in extremely poor condition and mostly unreadable. The pages had disintegrated at their margins. They had also been heavily interlineated

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4 Onionskin is a thin, lightweight, strong, often translucent paper. Though not made from onions, it superficially resembles their thin, papery skins.

5 Carbon paper is an inexpensive method of producing a written duplicate at the same time as the original. James Watt, the British inventor of the steam engine, produced the earliest "carbon paper" by inking tissue paper in the 1770's.

and corrected in pencil and both the original typewritten text and the corrections were faded beyond any clear recognition. My first step was to carefully scan each crumbling page and digitally enhance its readability; a process that had to be individualized for each page and, in the end, was less than fully satisfactory. I then attempted to place the drafts and corrections in chronological order and by reference thereto and to other documents in my possession, began to retype the manuscript. This process required decisions to be made with respect to almost every sentence and those decisions are mine alone and I accept fully the resulting opprobrium. I have attempted wherever possible to confine myself to the language of the author. Words I have added to the text are bracketed. I have added marginal notes where I hoped they would be helpful. The text of these notes is mine except where I have indicated otherwise.

As I am certain my readers are aware, the Wade-Giles system of transcribing Chinese words into English in the early twentieth Century was replaced (entirely in mainland China and predominantly elsewhere) by the pinyin system developed in China in 1958. I have retained the Wade-Giles spelling used in the manuscripts for names of persons and places and other Chinese terms.

I intend this document primarily for the use and enjoyment of the descendants of Rev. Dr. Taylor and their families. It has been and remains a great personal privilege to spend this time working with this great man. For the use of those who come later, I have indicated by marginal note the end of each page of the original manuscript which I will preserve both in my papers and by photocopy to the Yale Divinity School Library.

John D. Snyder, Esquire; October 19, 2000

A Second Note to Readers:

I have just finished the first draft of the conversion of the Rev. Dr. Paul V. Taylor's account of his early years in China into a form where it can be distributed. I take it as auspicious that today is the 117th anniversary of Rev. Taylor's birth. He has been with me throughout this endeavor and his spirit has infected mine with results that are entirely positive.

My task, however, is far from complete because the period covered by this manuscript ends in 1942 with Rev. Taylor returned to the United States on furlough and being reunited with his family in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. His mission work both here and in China was far from over and he shortly returned to China to work in the midst of both war and revolution. The account of that period of his work may well be of more interest than the

account that concluded in 1941 just before the United States entered the war. As spoilers, I will note that in the period following 1941, Rev. Taylor became the head of the Board of Foreign Missions, was inducted in the United States' Army as a chaplain, returned to China, drove ambulances on the Burma Road, had his transport ship torpedoed and sunk off the coast of Australia and for a period of some days was lost and presumed dead, and so on.

As far as I know, Rev. Taylor did not prepare a written account of this later period as a single document.[6] There are, however, a treasure trove of correspondence, official communiqués, newspaper

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[6] A possible explanation for the absence of such a manuscript is that it appears that Rev. Taylor prepared the existing manuscripts of the years before 1942, at least in part, at the urging of the then head of the Board of Foreign Missions, Rev. Taylor's boss. As I indicate, during the later period, Rev. Taylor held that leadership position himself and I suspect, failed to order himself to complete the account.

articles, photographs, and other documents deposited in the Schaff Library in Lancaster and in the China Records Project maintained by the Yale Divinity School where I intend to continue these efforts.

John D. Snyder, Esquire; September 30, 2015

As a teaser to the project to come I note an article that appeared in July 1944 in ***The Messenger***, a newspaper of the Publication Board of the Reformed Church in the United States published in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The article was headlined: "MISSIONARY ESCAPES SINKING, *Dr. Taylor Is Safe in Colombo After His Ship Was Sunk Somewhere between Australia and Ceylon*".

The manuscript that follows begins at Huping College in Yochow, a prefecture city in the northeastern corner of Hunan Province in China; located at No. 9 on a hand drawn map found in Rev. Taylor's papers. The map follows on the next page

(north is to the right) and thereafter is his legend to the map to which I have added some explanatory comments. The red line on the map is the route followed by Rev. Taylor in his relocation of the Central China College as the Japanese Imperial and Communist Chinese troops advanced. A third note to readers is then followed by the manuscript.

Map Legend

1 Shanghai

A global center for finance, business and economics, research, education, science and technology, manufacturing, tourism,

culture, and transportation in mainland China. The city is located on the southern estuary of the Yangtze River.

2 **Nanking**

The old capital of China before Peking (now "Beijing"). The massacre or rape of Nanking was an episode of mass murder and mass rape committed by imperial Japanese troops against the residents of Nanking during the Second Sino-Japanese War (1937–1945).

3 **P'uK'o**

Pukou District is located to the northwest of Nanking city, between the Yangtze and Chu Rivers. It is separated from the main part of the city by the Yangtze River and miles of mountains and forests.

4 **Hankow**

One of the three towns (the other two were Wuchang and Hanyang) merged to become modern-day Wuhan City, the capital of Hubei Province, China. It stands north of the Han and Yangtze Rivers where the Han flows into the Yangtze.

5 **Hanyang: See 4 above.**

6 **Wuchang: See 4 above.**

7 **Kuikiang**

Jiujiang (meaning "nine rivers") was formerly transliterated Kiukiang is a

prefecture-level city located on the southern shores of the Yangtze River in northwest Jiangxi Province, China.

8 **Kuling**

Now transliterated Guling, on the slopes of Mountain Lu, (known as Mt. Lushan at the time of the manuscript) was established in 1895 by five missionaries and others as a sanitarium and rest resort for Western missionaries in southern China. They built their houses in the colonial style of architecture, and added churches, schools, and sports facilities. It was named as a pun: it is wonderfully *cooling* after the summer heat in the plains below. It was also a word that sounded conveniently Chinese to the local people and has been adopted by them.

After the communist revolution of China in 1949, Kuling became a favorite meeting place of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party because Chairman Mao used Chiang Kai-shek's house in Kuling as one of his holiday homes. It hosted the Eighth Plenum of the Eighth Central Committee, which began on 23 July and convened on 2 August 1959. The major topic of discussion was the Great Leap Forward. Guling also

hosted the Second Plenum of the Ninth Central Committee in August 1970.

9 **Yochow (Huping College)**
Yueyang, formerly known as Yochow, is prefecture city on the eastern shores of Dongting Lake (a large, shallow lake in northeastern Hunan Province, China) and the Yangtze River.

10 **Changsha**
The capital and largest city of Hunan Province.

11 **Hengyang**
Second largest city of Hunan Province, Hengyang straddles the Xiang River about 99 miles south of the provincial capital of Changsha.

12 **Kweilin**
Now transliterated Guilin is a prefecture level city situated on the west bank of the Li River that borders Hunan Province to the north. It is now one of China's most popular tourist destinations, renowned for its scenery of Karst geology.

13 **Pinglo (bus, here to Kweilin)**
City on the Li River.

14 **Wuchow**
A prefecture level city at the confluence of the Gui and Xun Rivers.

15 **Canton**

Guangdong (Romanized as Canton Province) is a coastal province in South China on the north shore of the South China Sea.

16 Hongkong

A special administrative region of China, located to the east of the Pearl River estuary on the south coast of China. The region consists of Hong Kong Island, originally ceded by China to Great Britain in 1842, together with the southern part of the Kowloon Peninsula and Stonecutters Island (now joined to the mainland), ceded in 1860, and the New Territories, which include the mainland area lying largely to the north, together with 230 large and small offshore islands—all of which were leased by Great Britain from China for 99 years from 1898 to 1997. The Chinese-British joint declaration signed on December 19, 1984, required the entire territory to be returned to China, which occurred on July 1, 1997.

17 Manilla

The capital of the Philippines.

18 Dong Dang (Border town)

A border town on the Vietnamese side of the main road and rail crossing to China.

19 Hanoi

The capital city of Vietnam.

20 **Tourane**

Now called Da Nang, the commercial and educational center of central Vietnam and the largest city in the region.

21 **Kweiyang**

The capital of Guizhou province, China.

22 **Kunming**

The capital and largest city of Yunnan Province, China.

23 **Ear Lake (Er Hai)**

An alpine fault lake in Yunnan province, China. Also known as Kunming Lake.

24 **Likiang**

A prefecture level city in the northwest of Yunnan Province, China.

25 **Chungking**

Now one of the four municipalities administered directly by Beijing. From November 1937 to May 1946, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's provisional capital.

26 **Lashio**

City in north-central Burma (now Myanmar).

27 **Mandalay**

Second-largest city, after Yangon, Myanmar located on the east bank of the Irrawaddy River. Burma's final royal capital before the kingdom's annexation

by the British Empire in 1885. Under British rule, Mandalay remained commercially and culturally important despite the rise of Yangon, the new capital of British Burma. The city suffered extensive destruction during the Japanese conquest of Burma between 1942 and 1945. In 1948, Mandalay became part of the newly independent Union of Burma.

28 **Maymyo**

A scenic hill town in the Mandalay Region of Myanmar, some 42 miles east of Mandalay.

29 **Rangoon**

The capital city of the Yangon Region and the largest city of Myanmar.

Also

The Yangtze River is the longest river in Asia, the third longest (after the Nile and the Amazon) in the world and the longest in the world to flow entirely within one country. It flows 3,900 miles in a generally easterly direction to the East China Sea. Its drainage basin comprises one-fifth of the land area of China and is home to nearly one-third of the country's population.

The name Hunan literally means "south of the lake". The lake that is referred to is Dongting Lake, a large, shallow lake in the northeast of the province and a flood basin of the Yangtze River. Hunan is a landlocked province located in the middle reaches of the Yangtze watershed. Its capital and largest city is Changsha which also abuts the Xiang River.

A Third Note to Readers:

In the last half-dozen years, I have thought often of this project but have not been able to return to it. I continued to write opinions for various Pennsylvania Courts and to litigate cases involving municipal law and land use. I have also chaired our local municipal zoning hearing board. In the most recent years, a world-wide pandemic of the Sars CoV-2 respiratory virus (which killed millions worldwide and more than 750,000 in the United States at the time of this writing (more than were killed in the Great Influenza Pandemic of 1919-1919) has prevented a return to the document archives. Nevertheless, I have now added significant material to the document previously distributed and it is my hope to convert the resulting expanded manuscript to a form readers can easily access.

John D. Snyder, Esquire; November 15, 2021

Chapter I

HUPING

We arrived in Yochow, in the late summer of 1924, and were on the campus in time to be of service for the fall semester. The president of the college was on furlough in America. I had never met him. In his place was a young man[1] who was later to do great things for the United States in the field of preventive medicine, in [Kayti] and elsewhere. Our first staggering surprise was the eleven-room house. We had heard about the sacrificial life which missionaries were accustomed to live. We had pictured ourselves living in a barn-like structure with a thatched roof and a mud floor.

My next bewilderment came when I attended chapel that first morning. The leader spoke in English. All the students seemed to understand what was being said. The singing was in Chinese. I looked at the sea of Chinese student faces. They all looked alike to me. I listened to the sounds which

issued from their lips as they sang and the only distinct sound which I recognized was "dz". This was repeated so often that I concluded that that was the predominant sound in the language. After the chapel service two of the students were asked to report to the president's office. I was seated in the guestroom, next to the office. One of the teachers entered the office and told the president that he had seen these two students in Yochow on the previous day, and that they had been drunken. I was indignant and wanted to ask the teacher two questions: "How do you know it was actually these two boys- they all look alike? How could you possibly tell a drunken Chinese boy from one who is ill?"

Three tasks became mine almost at once. I was a "specialist" in Philosophy. That had been my major study as well as my hobby in college, university, and seminary. My first task was to teach a class in Economics, one in English Literature and

one in Psychology. My second task was shooting dogs. The[7] acting president was a very practical sort of person. He developed an agricultural department. This was not academic, but extremely practical. It had been the custom since the beginning of mission schools in China, to subsidize students. Moreover, manual labor of any kind was regarded by the student body as undignified. Our acting president wanted more trees on campus and also vegetables raised in such a way that one could eat them with a degree of safety, without first sterilizing them. Students who needed funds could earn them at a very high rate per hour. Coolie labor of all kinds was to be dismissed. The students sent a delegation to the acting president and informed him that "students do not dig". His reply, in very kind words was "Dig in or dig out". They dug in. Village dogs, however, caused a lot of mischief on the campus. Rabid dogs had bitten several of our

7 End of Manuscript page 1.

personnel; two had died. I had a .22 target rifle and knew how to use it. So, orders were given to rid the campus of dogs. The villagers were first notified to keep their dogs at home.

Shooting the first dog made me a bit nervous. I had always looked upon a dog as a friend and almost human animal. The first dog had no sooner been shot than the gateman picked him up and dragged him away. I paid no further attention, but I did wonder why no one protested against the shooting. After a number of dogs had disappeared in this manner; some picked up by students, I began to wonder some more. Light was soon to break. The old Chinese gentleman who was acting as my teacher in the Chinese language asked me through an interpreter whether I would not "please shoot a dog for him on the day after tomorrow," because he was inviting a number of teachers from the city to a feast at his house.

My third task was digging a ditch. This I brought upon myself. Huping College campus had no well; no good water supply. Water for all the families and the student body had to be carried from the lake. The water of the lake is dirty - it varies from a brownish yellow in the summertime, when the Yangtze River backs its floodwater into it, to a greenish yellow in the wintertime. In summer the water splashes in over[8] the fifteen-foot high bunding[9], which prevents the lake from washing away the whole campus. In winter, the water recedes, dropping forty or more feet from its summer level. A grassy plain, more than half a mile wide, stretches between the campus wall and the edge of the lake. This plain is the night resting-place for flocks of wild geese, and the feeding and

8 End of Manuscript page 2.

9 The EPA defines "Bund" as "an impervious embankment of earth, or a wall of brick, stone, concrete or other suitable material, which may form part or all of the perimeter of a compound that provides a barrier to retain liquid." The term used in the text is "bunding".

drinking place for deer and other wild creatures. The thrill I had one early morning in November as I looked down toward the lake and saw what appeared from the distance of my front porch, to be an immense rabbit bounding gracefully over clumps of tall grass, can well be imagined by a deer-hunter. It was a hunter's paradise, but it was a long distance over which to carry water in buckets for several hundred people.

At a faculty meeting which occurred less than a month after my arrival, I asked, "Why?" The look I received from the august persons assembled and the silence squelched me properly or should have done so. I was told that attempts to find water and to dig a well on the campus had been in the hands of experts who, in twenty years had failed to produce, but had sunk plenty of money into the holes they had dug. I had looked to the east of the campus, where there were rather high hills; and to the west, where the lake lay, and I thought that

somewhere there must be underground streams. So, I asked if I might try. I was finally told, "Dig all you want, but use your own labor and your own money". I was out with a pick and shovel, next day, at a point on the plain from which the lake had already receded and started to dig. I had selected a spot 800 feet from the bunding. My water carrier helped me dig. We dug a hole forty feet deep and found a spring of water. Excitement followed. Three-inch galvanized pipe was purchased in Hankow; our metropolis, 140 miles to the north. A cistern, 86 feet deep, was dug just inside the compound wall. A ditch connected spring and cistern. While the superintending of the job was taken out of my hands, I did plenty of digging and "advising", - sometimes where it was not wanted.[10]

The plan for this "water system" was to tap the source of water I had uncovered, move it by gravity to the cistern, and then raise it by bucket

and pulley to the surface. The three-inch pipe was to be concreted into the bottom of this ditch, which started at the 40-foot level, so that if the pipes ever corroded, the cement concrete tube would still carry the water. The digging of the ditch was contracted for at a rate per cubic yard. The soil was heavy clay and loam. The regular method of digging a ditch forty feet deep, in this community, was to dig it forty feet wide at the top and then gradually slope it down to a point forty feet deep in the center. In this manner all the earth could be carried out in baskets and there was no danger of caving-in. In charging for this labor, the contractor figured that he had dug a ditch forty feet wide and forty feet deep. When I suggested a ditch three feet wide and forty feet deep, using timber to keep the sides from falling in, I was regarded as one who has never dug a ditch. The idea finally got across to the contractor. We made a new agreement and I promised to take all responsibility and do the

supervising. Fortunately, one of the Chinese teachers in the Physics Department had received his master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania and had done some shop work. He was able to handle the situation for us. He had seen such work done.[11]

When the ditch reached a point four hundred feet outside the compound wall, the diggers struck a spring of clear, cold water, larger than the one I had found further away. This spring was impounded and has been the source of Huping's water supply ever since. The valve to the inlet in the outer spring has never been opened.

Walking along the ditch one day I saw a rather large number of children and one laborer standing at one [point] looking intently into it. When I arrived at the scene, one of the coolies, who should have been earning the thirty cents per day,

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11 End of Manuscript page 3.

which the contractor was supposedly paying him, was standing knee-deep in the mud. His head was three feet below the level of the surface. His pick was idle. The woven bamboo basket which he was supposed to be filling, lay neglected behind him. But his hands were busy. With small lumps of clay, he was fashioning birds and beasts, caricatures of faculty members, quite recognizable. Those already finished decorated the timbering. So entranced were the children that they did not take their eyes from him as I became one of the devotees of his art!! Thirty cents a day!!

I was to see more of this type of artistic skill as I became better acquainted with my Chinese environment, but this surprise was surpassed only by the candy-man whom I saw at work at New Years' time. For a copper coin, which had the value of one third of a Chinese cent, the candy-man took bits of colored taffy from several small pots on a charcoal fire—reds, blues, yellows, greens and

white. With a bit of rice straw, he blew a bubble. A pinch here, a pull there, a twist, a dab from another pot, and in a few moments appeared bugs, bees, butterflies, dragons—all the elfin dwellers of fairyland. No pied piper ever attracted more children.[12]

Hunan has plenty of rain. The roof of our house was plenty large. So why not a cistern? Cisterns on the campus had been dug like wells, plastered with cement, and always leaked when they became filled because the weight of the water was too great. I built a rectangular cistern into the side of a hill, arched it over; had a "cool cellar" built into one face of it; a pipe and a small lift-pump in the kitchen sink, gave us all the conveniences of home.[13]

For the first month of our stay on the college

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12 End of Manuscript page 5.

13 End of Manuscript page 6.

campus, I slept fitfully each night with a six-shooter under my pillow. I lay half-awake, listening for unaccustomed noises. Most of them were new noises. This was not entirely foolishness, but it would have been so ineffective and dangerous if an emergency had arisen.

Those who remember recent Chinese history will recall that this was the period of the warlords. Things were coming to a crisis, but no one had yet proven himself supreme as a militarist and statesman. One of my predecessors had been shot at the school gateway. One of the first landmarks I was shown when I arrived on the campus, was the hole which the bullet had dug for itself in a brick in the post of the gateway, after it had gone through "the martyr". Bandits were swarming in the hills. After a month of this fear, I got tired of being afraid, laid the revolver into a bureau drawer and went to sleep. I later threw it into the lake.

It took me longer to get over my fear of food. My mother had been a crank on cleanliness. My wife had always made our home and especially the table, both neat and clean. Then we arrived at Huping, without [knowledge] of the Chinese language, the missionaries who were on the compound very generously arranged to give us the services of the most skillful cook on the place. And, believe me, Chinese cooks can produce delectable food. This one was no exception. He could produce a loaf of bread from the poorest type of flour that would make the champion housewife of a Pennsylvania German farming community envious. But he had trachoma[14] His eyes! Just to look at them

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14 A form of bilateral keratoconjunctivitis which causes corneal scarring; at its onset, it resembles conjunctivitis with symptoms of tearing, photophobia, pain, and swelling of the eyelids. The disease is spread by contact; flies and gnats may also transmit it. This disease is one the earliest recorded eye diseases; it was identified as early as the 27th century B.C. It is the leading cause of blindness worldwide and afflicts over 400 million people (primarily in underdeveloped countries in Africa, the

was nauseating. Then, to think that he was preparing the meals. Probably "straining the soup through a sock". He really was almost blinded by the disease and must have suffered excruciating pain most of the time. Every meal had its hair in the soup, or stone in the peas, or stick in the salad, or sand in the rice. And I got it every time. By the third day, I gagged with almost every mouthful.[15]

But worse than the foreign matter in the food was the fear which had been "shocked" into me by a well-meaning medical missionary whom I had met at a summer conference before I went to China. He had warned me never to eat or drink anything which had not been boiled, roasted, or fried. Never under any circumstances could I put fingers to eye or lips. The manner in which he had told me these

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Middle East, and Asia). It is preventable with adequate diet, proper sanitation, and education. It is rare in the United States.

15 End of Manuscript page 7.

things made me almost afraid to eat. Add that to the dirt I always managed to attract and ....

After a time, I got tired of being afraid of this too and said "What the . . .." And that was the end of that! I began to live again. (P.S. Put your own word into the blank but do not attribute it to me. I am a person who believes that a "cuss-word" is used by that person only who has insufficient confidence in himself. I have plenty of self-confidence and stopped with the period.)

One of the incidents which helped me attain this state of mind was a visit I made to the college dispensary. The college physician, an American, had invited me to tea. I was to meet him at the dispensary at five o'clock. I arrived there a few minutes early. The waiting room was a poorly lighted, concrete-floored room, beneath the school dining room. I sat on a typical Chinese chair or "panteng", a trestle four inches wide and two and

one-half feet long. Several students were waiting. An old man came in and sat beside me. I noticed that he looked particularly unkempt; that he was odoriferous; that his feet and hands were sore. Several other patients arrived, and all were treated before the physician came out of the inner room to take me to tea. On the way to his home, I asked him about the old man. He had, at the moment, no recollection of him since my general description fitted so many of his patients. Finally, he said, "Oh, now I know who you mean. He is an old farmer who has leprosy. He knows that I cannot do anything for him, but he insists on coming."[16]

Before we had learned to use more than a few words in the Chinese language or knew anything about the Chinese ideas of propriety, we were entranced with the possibilities in the lake. The college had two sailboats. One Saturday afternoon, I was permitted to take my six-year-old son for a

16 End of Manuscript page 8.

ride. Two boatmen went with us to handle the boat. I had taken fishing tackle—rod and line, live bait and a spinner. We sat in the sunshine, with the breeze from the stem. Soon we were several miles out on the lake, rounding an island. This, I thought, will be a good place to fish. The tackle was soon ready and the bait in the water. A most peculiar expression came over the face of the boat captain. He fired a whole string of questions, not one word of which was intelligible. Before I knew what it was all about, he had reversed the sail and we were on our way home. My protest, by sign and indignant English, had not the slightest effect. He put us ashore and left us. His assistant gathered in the sail and stowed it.

Back on campus we soon learned that "gentlemen do not fish". The boat captain would not even be seen sailing the boat in which fishermen rode.[17]

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17 End of Manuscript page 8A.

And then winter set in. That eleven room house was like eleven barns. A small fireplace in one wall of the living-room was supposed to fight against "the drift of the cold". It surely can drift in Hunan! Rain and sleet and snow, with a thirty mile "breeze". It came right up[18] through the floor from what should have been a cellar, and it seemed to gyrate over the balustrade, up the stairway, lifting carpets as it went, then sang a martial song of its triumph as it escaped through the cracks in the French windows. "It carried a shiver everywhere". Before the winter was half over, we wondered whether we should ever again be warm. Classrooms had no artificial heat whatsoever. My classroom became damp in the sunless atmosphere. It had whitewashed walls and smelled for all the world like a chicken coop.

Meanwhile we were learning Chinese: the language and the people.

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18 End of Manuscript page 9.

Our first teacher was a kindly old gentleman. When the weather became cold, he wore a fur-lined coat. How many generations had worn it before him, we did not know. But we soon learned to open the windows when it was time for him to arrive.

At our first lesson he gave us a Mandarin Primer, pointed to the first character, and said "Dz". I almost burst out laughing but caught myself in time and said "dz". He shook his head and said '"Dz". I repeated the word in every possible way I could, without being impolite, and absolutely mimicking him. My wife did the same. Finally, another missionary came along. The teacher told her that we were hopeless. After inquiring the reason, he said that we could not get the tones. The missionary said (of all things!), "Mimic him". We did, and soon passed into his good graces as excellent students.

Came the Spring. Azaleas covered the

hillsides. Daphne beside every pathway, reminded us of lilacs at home. Wisteria, the finest ever seen! One great mass of it entwined in a tremendous old oak, just beyond our front lawn on the hillside, toward the lake, [lost] its color and fragrance to our joy in living. Gardenias! We discovered that the hedges around the place, and the bushes used for decorative purposes, were gardenia. Masses of bloom. Amaryllis, native and imported, sported themselves over the lawn in a riot of reds and whites and yellows. The Fall had many chrysanthemums, some of which would have taken prizes in America. But they were in pots. This was Spring and the whole earth[19] tried to prove it.

Birds and bird noises filled the air, day and night. I awoke to a shrill cry of "Le Queer. Le Queer" The Indian Cuckoo. The European Cuckoo. The long-tailed Jay. The [Howling] Jay. The Magpie. There never was a minute's silence. Wherever one

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19 End of Manuscript page 10

would walk under the trees there would be a flash of color. I was a missionary and thought I was in Paradise. What closer approach could one desire to the original meaning of the Greek word!

Then came Malaria. And Dysentery. And Cholera. And Schistosomiasis.[20] Spring was so short. Summer was on us in May.

Women and children were soon on the way down river and up the mountain to the Yangtze summer resort, Kuling. There they kept their children alive and helped their husbands recuperate when they arrived in July or August. This place was three thousand feet above sea-level. One gets off the boat at Kiukiang which is sometimes described as "the hottest place this side". Just making the trip in the heat of Summer is exhausting work. But being there [in Kuling] has saved many thousands of lives since mission work

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20 A tropical disease transmitted by snails.

in the Yangtze valley began.[21]

Our return to Huping at the end of the summer vacation [involved] some amusing incidents. One of the young men who had come on the same ship with us from America was an agriculturist. He was to develop, at Huping, what our acting president had begun. In the Yochow area of China, milk is not available locally and the milk on the missionaries' table comes in tins from America, Australia, or France. Someone, years ago, started the fad of decorating the butter. It comes on the table in the shape of a pineapple, a pagoda, or whatever the skillful cook may be able to devise. Honey is likewise a product found in glass jars.

On the Kuling mountains, our agriculturist had seen some Swiss goats. Grand. They were the property of a missionary who lived still farther south than we did, along the Canton-Hankow

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21 End of Manuscript page 11.

railway. A young Toggenberg billy was purchased and went with us to be bred later with local goats. Two hives of bees were likewise procured from a missionary in Nanking. I had seen some large black chickens on a riverbank, down near the mouth of the Yangtze. I made a special trip to Nantungchow[22], bought six large Langshans, and met the party at Kiukiang, for the return trip.

After extended negotiations at the Wuchang terminus of the C-H railway, we were able to secure the exclusive use of a boxcar. This gave us, at that time, the finest accommodations the railway provided. In our party, besides the young man and our own family, were five young lady missionaries. Before we were comfortably distributed for this journey, other people begged us for the privilege of

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22 Nantong is a prefecture-level city in southeastern Jiangsu province, China. Located on the northern bank of the Yangtze River, near the river mouth. A hospital in this city was knows as Nantungchow Christian Hospital.

riding with us in luxury. We were soon a car-full and had to keep guard so that the traveling merchants, venders of fish and other odoriferous merchandise, did not crowd us out of our own private car.[23]

The distance between Wuchang and Yochow is 140 miles. The schedule at that time called for the making of the trip in 18 hours. Usually, the train was several hours late by the time it arrived at Yochow.

Stations are built at ten-mile intervals. One station was placed three miles from an enterprising village. The village was picked up and moved to the station.[24]

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23 End of Manuscript page 11A.

24 End of Manuscript page 11B.

Chapter 2

Nanking - Inferno

In the Fall of 1925, our second year in China, we were sent off to language school in Nanking. There we learned a great deal about some missionaries and some about a great deal of Chinese language. First, we learned that everything we had learned in Huping, so far as language was concerned, was all wrong. In fact, the Hunanese according to the Nankinese, did not really have a language- just a low form of dialect. We still spoke to the servant we had brought with us in the dialect he understood but went in for real language study in a big way. One American who acted as a dean of the language school was the only foreigner on the staff. All other members of the staff were Chinese and spoke no English although some of them were quite able to do so. We learned Chinese in self-defense. It was direct method teaching and the finest language teaching I have ever received. After I had been in the school for three months, I said to myself that if any of my teachers in America had

had half the skill in teaching languages these men had, I should have been fluent in Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew and Greek, to say nothing of probably knowing a bit of English, before I left home.

Our residence was a small two-bedroom bungalow on the campus. In another bungalow next door lived Wallace T. McAfee, his wife and child. He is one of the missionaries about whom we learned a great deal. The McAfees had been at the school for[25] almost a year when we arrived.

In the Summer of 1926, the language schoolteachers traveled to Kuling with their students. We studied with them throughout the Summer. During our first week's stay in Kuling, we had the bright idea of inviting a group of our better-liked teachers to dinner. They came, formally gowned. We were trying to have an especially nice

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25 End of Manuscript page 15.

meal for them and had, after a great deal of trouble and discussion of menus, included a dish of candied sweet potatoes. Our guests thoroughly enjoyed them. They, however, had occasional fits of hilarity, which they suppressed or passed off with difficulty, whenever the sweet potatoes were offered to them. We did not understand the cause of the gaiety. Afterward our cook told us that we had done what no Chinese would have dared to do. We had served sweet potatoes to a guest! It seems that sweet potatoes are regarded as the lowest form of food, fit for beggars only. If you want to call anyone a low-down so-and-so, you call him a sweet potato.

With our return to Wochow in the Fall of 1926, our troubles began.

Central China was in the throes of another revolution. This time the issue was communism, with a capital "C". Chiang Kai-Shek[26], Michael

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26 Chinese Nationalist politician, revolutionary and military leader who served as the leader of the

Borodin[27] and Eugene Chen[28] had joined forces. The young "warlord", Chiang, was developing into a statesman and a diplomat. Propaganda preceded the army. Students were afire with the new ideas.

A servant's strike was our first tangible contact with the movement. Workers had been forced to make impossible demands in several departments of the mission's work. They were not[29]

Republic of China from 1928, first in mainland China until 1949 and then in Taiwan until his death in 1975.

27 Mikhail Markovich Gruzenberg, known by the alias Borodin, was a Bolshevik revolutionary and Communist International agent. He was an advisor to Sun Yat-sen and the Kuomintang in China during the 1920s.

28 Eugene Chen was a Chinese Trinidadian lawyer who in the 1920s became Sun Yat-sen's foreign minister. He was known for his success in promoting Sun's anti-imperialist foreign policies. Sun Yat-sen was a Chinese statesman, physician, and political philosopher, who served as the provisional first president of the Republic of China and the first leader of the Kuomintang. The Kuomintang, also known as the Chinese Nationalist Party, is a political party in the Republic of China, initially on the Chinese mainland and in Taiwan after 1949.

29 **End of Manuscript page 16.**

permitted to handle their own negotiations but were directed by clever and carefully trained agents. Several student strikes had been narrowly averted. The household servants of all foreign residents on our campus came to us one evening and presented a set of "demands". Next morning, we cooked our own breakfasts. There was a regular patrol around the outside of the college campus wall. No one was permitted to leave or enter.

We were dependent upon the city of Yochow for our food supplies. Even vegetables, except such few sanitary vegetables as were raised by the students, were raised and sold in or near the city. Farmers are not vegetable gardeners. Householders paid a "buyer" a weekly salary to do their marketing. The striking servants controlled our personal and school gardens. By the end of the first day our food supply was exhausted. There were six "foreign" families as well as a few unmarried American teachers on the campus. I was certain

that I could outwit the guards. Therefore, I offered to go to town and bring back supplies.

I was much more afraid of the leopards which I knew roamed the hills than I was of servants with clubs or imported gangsters armed with weapons with which they might or might not be familiar. Just a few weeks previously a leopard had clawed the grass-cutters, on the hill east of campus. I had gone out with a .22 to hunt him. Fortunately, I did not find him. It is the usual thing for at least one such grass-cutter from the Yochow area to be in the hospital at this time of year, recovering from his wounds. Grass is the cooking fuel for the families of the greater part of Hunan. It grows[30] rank and tall.

Just before dusk I climbed to the top of the compound wall at a place fairly well hidden by shrubbery. The guards were circling the wall at regular intervals- too regular. I watched my

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30 End of Manuscript page 17.

opportunity, threw two large baskets to a distance, dropped down and lay in the bushes three feet from the path by the time the next guard had turned the corner of the compound wall. It took me no more than an hour to reach the city by means of by-paths. I did not dare to use the railroad track, which was our nearest way. At one point there was no alternative. The railroad crosses an arm of the bay by means of a bridge of four large spans. The height of this bridge above water depends upon the water level of the lake[31] itself. At this time, it was well over thirty feet. Pedestrian deaths are frequent. I lay in tall grass until the bridge was entirely clear and then made my way across in the dim light.

A very few shops were still open. Merchants were afraid to sell me any food. But the profit motive finally cast out all fears. Loaded with all the food I could carry; I made my way to the riverfront. Boatmen are not easily intimidated. For a generous

31 Dongting Lake.

consideration one of the men who makes his living by rowing passengers from place to place agreed to take me within half a mile of the school. From that point I had still to cross the plain. There was little danger of being seen in the almost total darkness. Arrived at the compound, I had a difficult time gaining admission. A couple heavy stones tossed onto one of the house roofs brought the desired results. I was "sneaked" in, to the secret satisfaction of all. We had outwitted the strike committee.

Next morning when the committee looked into our kitchen,[32] I was having a glorious time baking a cherry pie. It nearly broke their hearts and the strike. What was the use of trying to starve a people when even the men of the family take up the baking of cherry pies! But the Communist organization permitted no such petty considerations to swerve it from its objective. By a compromise agreement the servants came back to

[32] End of Manuscript page 18.

work but we knew that it was only a temporary expedient.

By Christmas time the whole countryside was seething with hatred. Meaningless words, used as propaganda tools, inflamed all whom they were supposed to arouse. The venerable president of the college, a man who had devoted his life to unselfish mission work and who had built this school from its foundation and who was to retire at the end of the current school year, came running up the walk calling to me. We were then at tiffin[33]. He was bareheaded and very much excited. I had never seen him that way. "Help! Come! I need help!" he called. "These boys for whom I have done everything and to whom I have devoted my life have turned against me." I went with him to his office, and it was even as he had said. Men and boys who had been most friendly when we had played basketball, tennis, and soccer; who had sat in our

[33] Lunch.

classes eager to learn all they could; who had attended a party in my home two nights previously; who had sat as inquirers in my class in religious training; these men now hated us as if we had done them the most severe injustice.

A student union had been formed. This organization took over the middle school and the college. They hired and fired teachers. They told the teachers how to teach and when. We, as foreigners, as representatives of Imperialism, were out. It was dangerous for us even to stick around. The Communist army was daily coming closer. It[34] had already reached Changsha, 120 miles to the south.

A small British river steamer stopped offshore. Women, children, and some men went aboard. That was January 8, 1927. It was not a passenger steamer. The one officer's cabin was given over to the two ladies with small children. I

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34 End of Manuscript page 19.

have a very vivid recollection of seeing my five-year-old daughter lying in a chest of drawers, partly pulled out from beneath the officer's bunk. Rowing back from the "send off" in the driving sleet and rain was a contest between exhaustion by over-exercise and freezing.

It was not possible for the others of us to remain more than a few days. I kept busy laying out some bulbs, which had recently arrived from Holland, and others that I had dug from the hillside. I had a pot of beans and a dozen eggs on the stove in case we should have to run for it and should need concentrated food to take with us. Someone came to the door and said that a band of Communists was almost at the gate. A rowboat had lain concealed on the shore. My suitcase had been packed for a week. In two minutes, I was out of the house. Within half an hour, all foreigners who had remained on campus, and this included one woman, were on the rowboat, going toward the mouth of

the lake with all possible speed. When we reached Yochow, the mission workers there joined us in rowboats. Where the lake joins the Yangtze, we tied up for the night. We slept in the boats, one of which was the "red boat" or local life-saving boat. Our boats were little larger than ordinary four-oared rowboats. We could not lie at full length in them. Since it was raining and sleeting, it was necessary to keep under cover; curved bamboo matting, which gave[35] sufficient space to kneel, but not to stand upright. No one dared to show his face outside for fear of detection by Communist agents.

Next morning the boats drifted down the Yangtze. I gained something of a reputation as a cook. The fire had to be small. One could not move about much. I sat on the side of the boat and called "Give me . . .. Give me. . .." The ladies who handed me supplies and implements as needed declared that with such assistance anyone could cook.[36]

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35 End of Manuscript page 20.

At midday, we were drifting down the Yangtze, keeping to the middle of the river to avoid the danger of snipers on either bank who were taking that method of getting into the graces of the rising powers. We saw a launch approach from upstream. As it neared, we saw that it was loaded with foreigners. Soon they were close enough to be recognized. When we revealed ourselves, the launch came about. We had a talk. Missionaries and foreign business people had hired the launch: evacuees from Changsha. For a consideration, the captain of the launch took our boats in tow. That is how we arrived in Hankow.

We were in Hankow just long enough to see a riot start at one end of the bund, smashing everything in reach as it swept by, just as a cyclone would have done. We were already on board a large "down-river" ship, which cast off in a hurry when

36 In brackets: "There might not even be a need of a fire. It was hot work to supply all I needed for one small meal".

the riot started. We were all more interested in getting away than in seeing the riot to its conclusion.

On board the ship several mission meetings were soon in[37] progress. In our own meeting the question of "what next?" was debated for several days. Some were in favor of making all possible haste for the U.S.A. Our usefulness, for the time being, they argued, was finished. Our staying endangered the lives of our Chinese colleagues. Others thought it was a mistake to leave the country. All had seen Chinese friends, who had been helpful to us; suffer severely for their loyalty. There had been reports of quite a few beheadings.

Having so recently come from Nanking and believing that the Communist movement would lose something of its ferocity and hostility by the time it reached the lower Yangtze, our family

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37 End Manuscript page 21.

decided to remain in Nanking. When we consulted with "Old China Hands" who thought they knew, they were agreed that Nanking was one of the most conservative places in China and that the Communist movement would find no foothold there. Chang Chung-Chang was then the Northern general in charge of Nanking. He was said to have seven of his forty wives with him and would most certainly put up a fight if the volatile Hunanese and Cantonese came beyond the borders of Hupeh[38]. We wired the McAfees. They invited us to come on. One other family of our mission, Cornelia Spencer's, came to Nanking. They stayed at the home of Pearl Buck[39], Cornelia's sister.

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38 A landlocked province in the central China region. The name of the province means "north of the lake", referring to its position north of Dongting Lake. The provincial capital, Wuhan, serves as a major transportation hub and the political, cultural, and economic hub of central China.

39 Pearl Sydenstricker Buck, also known by her Chinese name Sai Zhenzhu, was an American writer and novelist. As the daughter of missionaries to China, and later as a missionary herself, Buck spent most of

The McAfees opened their hearts and their home. Within a few days we were back at language school. The McAfees were now living in a large house in "South City". Wallace had been placed in charge of some of the mission work in that section of Nanking.[40]

A few days after we arrived, I was sitting in the living room, reading, when I had a most peculiar sensation. The room began to rock, then the whole house. It seemed as if I were a little child sitting in a toy house and that some immense giant had taken hold of the house at the eaves and was rocking it on its foundation to see how long he

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her life before 1934 in Zhenjiang. The family spent their summers in a villa in Kuling (now the site of the Pearl S. Buck Museum), and it was during this annual pilgrimage that the young girl decided to become a writer. The Good Earth was the best-selling novel in the United States in 1931 and 1932 and won the Pulitzer Prize in 1932. In 1938, Buck won the Nobel Prize in Literature for her descriptions of peasant life in China. She was the first American woman to win the prize.

40 End Manuscript page 22.

could do it before I should let out an indignant scream. It was merely an earthquake!

The streets of old Nanking could not have been called straight, even though some of them were narrow. My wife and I had been going to and from the language school compound every day for several weeks when one morning I asked her whether she could find her way alone. She declared that she could although she had not been paying much attention to the route- that's why she had a husband. Since we did not have to be there at a specified time that day she decided to lead off. I said nothing and followed. After half an hour, I stopped her and asked if she knew where we were. She looked around and then discovered that we were in front of our compound gate; the place from which we had started.

It was a relief to be in friendly Nanking. Here no one called from the doorways "Yang Kwei-tz"

(foreign devil). Here the fires of hatred had not yet flared against imperialism. During the previous months in Hunan, it had been a little disconcerting to have even the youngsters on the street mutter, half audibly, as we passed, "Ta Tao Ti Kwei-Tz" (kill the imperialist devil). Nothing like that in Nanking. Chinese nationals, scholars, and students thought we were highly exaggerating when we told of some of the happenings in Hunan and Hupeh. It was simply unthinkable in Nanking.[41]

And then, one afternoon, as we were sitting in the advanced class in a small room just beneath the language school office, listening to a lecture on Chinese Social Idealism delivered by a Chinese scholar, the typewriter in the office above broke in upon the flow of thought with an irregular staccato chatter. I had not remembered that the typewriter was so noisy. Soon every member of the class and the lecturer himself were listening to that

[41] End of Manuscript page 23.

typewriter. Someone cried out, "that's machine gun fire". The battle for Nanking was on. We walked to South City as rapidly as possible. Even then, Russian soldiers in the employ of General Chang Chung-Chang were looting the shops and careening drunkenly from place to place loaded down with silver, furs, satins, tapestries and whatever their hands happened to find within reach.

The real fighting was outside the city. Gates in the mighty walls were closed. The compound where the McAfees were looking after our needs contained a school building and a church as well as the residence. We placed an American flag at the compound gate. The compound wall was twelve feet high. In all previous civil wars, so far as our knowledge and experience went, the American flag was the best possible protection. Neither side ever violated it. All who were under its protection were safe except from possible stray bullets.

Events followed one another so rapidly it was hard to keep track of them. Each day canon fire sounded closer. The American gunboats were lying offshore at Hsiakwan[42], Nanking's River port. Nanking itself[43] had a diameter of about seven miles within the walls. The port lay a mile outside the walls. Mrs. McAfee, my wife, and the children were on the boats before the storm in the city really broke. Wallace and I stayed on in South City. One servant remained with us. Through him we received reports of what was happening elsewhere in the city. We opened the compound gates to women and children refugees. We carefully checked baggage as they came. In so far as possible, we permitted them to bring no valuables, so that in the turnover, if such there should be, none of them should be killed for their possessions as they left again. How many refugees we had is uncertain.

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42 Not to be confused with the Hsiakwan in Yunnan.

43 End of Manuscript page 24.

There may have been between four and five thousand.

On the day the Southern army entered the city (it was not then called the Communist army), there was much work to be done for the refugees crowded into every conceivable shelter. For the first time I knew the sound of rifle bullets as they whizzed past my head, singing "z-zz-Z-ZZ-Z-zzz-zz-zing" and then "plop" as they buried themselves into a wall. Wallace was a great comfort to me when he said, "don't let that scare you. I just read the other day that you can't possibly hear the rifle bullet that hits you."

Rifle fire stopped suddenly. Our servant soon reported that the Northern army had evacuated the city, was crossing the river to P'u K'u, and that the Southerners were in possession. In our little refugee camp, the people shouted for joy. One would have thought from the words that flowed in

great swells from the massed voices that they had been Communists all the time, just waiting for this moment of deliverance.

Cautiously, Wallace and I went to the front gate. He was about to unlock it to permit the refugees to go home when we saw a lone[44] cavalryman at the gate with a much-used Mauser pistol in his hand. He immediately ordered us back. No one dared leave until each was carefully examined. We were prisoners.

We remained prisoners and for more than eighteen hours we were put through some plain and fancy grilling. The people gradually cleared out. An officer entered and told us that this compound had been commandeered as a medical station. Doctors moved into the schoolhouse and set up a dispensary. We were confined to the house with a warning that if we put our noses outside, they

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[44] End of Manuscript page 25.

would be shot off. A guard was placed outside and another inside. The inside guard consisted of three men. Two took turns looting the place while the third sat over us with a rifle and then, later, was entertained by Wallace who played the piano. Three soon became five, then seven. I had brought three trunks that had been sent out of Hunan to Hankow at the first inkling of trouble. The contents of these were picked over several times. I had been ordered to open them. The soldiers told me that they were searching for guns. In my baggage had been a .22 high power Savage rifle and several cartons of ammunition. Wallace had had an old army rifle. When the battle of Nanking had started. I had hidden my rifle behind the chimney, under a false floor in the attic. His rifle had been taken down, wooden parts burned, and others distributed throughout the house and grounds. Imagine my horror when a paper carton of rifle cartridges was one of the first things to drop out of the clothing

being pulled from my trunk by the soldier. The possession of guns would have given them an excuse to shoot us.[45] So, without really looking at the carton, I gave it a kick under a bureau. He did not recognize it for what it was. Disposing of it afterward was a real problem. But, watching my chance, I threw it in a pond through an open window.

The servant brought us reports from time to time. Dr. W. at the university had been shot and killed. Miss A. was lying under a pile of moldy straw in a hut right in the back of our compound while the soldiers were searching for her. The students of H. girls' school had protected their foreign principal by taking her into one of the school dormitories, piling mattresses over her, and sitting on them. Later they spirited her away. Miss M. had been shot in the abdomen but was still alive. Dr. K. had pulled a fast one. Soldiers robbing his house had found

45 End of Manuscript page 26.

nothing. They could not force him to tell them where he had hidden his money, but he had been casting surreptitious glances into his garden. The soldiers noticed this. They followed his glance and saw that it had focused on a white box. They made a dash for the box, tore the lid off and found it full of gold- winged gold with wings and stingers: a beehive.

A young man in China but a few months had volunteered to protect the property of the YMCA. A soldier entered, tied his hands, and then inquired of the Chinese student of the identity of the strange box on the wall. "A telephone", was the reply. "What is it for?" "You use it to talk to people at a distance." To distract his attention, the student asked the soldier to pick up the instrument. The soldier did so and a voice in his ear said "Wei". The soldier replied, "Na-li?" (Where are you?). The instrument replied,[46] "Hsia Kwan." The excited soldier replied

[46] End of Manuscript page 27.

in Chinese, "Just what I wanted", pulled the receiver, cord and all, from the instrument and the wall, thrust it in his pocket and departed.

Our servant transmitted more reports, both comic and tragic. Dr. T., caught in the dressing room of the university hospital, could not leave by the back door. As soldiers charged up the stairway, he hastily smeared face and hands with mercurochrome, splashed more on his white robe, and flew at the advancing soldiers. They, thinking him demented or a devil, turned and ran. He ran after them, scaled a wall, and found refuge in another university building.

Meanwhile in our house we were having our own dicey experiences. We had hidden the McAfee silverware between the first-floor ceiling and the second floor. We had taken up a heating register for this purpose and then had pushed the bag in which the silver was wrapped and tied as far back into the

inter-floor space as we were able with a bamboo pole. Then we had replaced the register. We held our breath as a soldier worked out three of the four screws holding the register in place. When the fourth became stripped and would not turn, he dropped the subject!

Always they came back to the same demand: money and guns. A look of triumph gleamed in their eyes as they confronted us with the barrel of Wallace's dismantled rifle, which we had secreted in the chimney of an open fireplace. Wallace, with typical charm and grace, all smiles, persuaded the soldiers that the old, rusted tube in their hands did not at all imply that we possessed any weapons.

One of the most disconcerting moments of my life to that date came when one guard was assigned to guard us in the kitchen while the others ransacked the house. He could make any claim as to our conduct if we were harmed. There would be no

contrary witnesses. This chap looked very tired. In fact, he could hardly keep his eyes open. His rifle barrel was white with gunpowder. Altogether he was an unlovely creature, but he was not stupid. Suddenly he said, pointing his left hand while he held his rifle in his right, "Hey you fellows are Christians. I've heard about Christians. An uncle[47] of mine was a member of the Taipings. Their leader[48]

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47 Any male relative of an older generation.

48 The Taiping Rebellion was a widespread civil war in southern China from 1850 to 1864, against the ruling Manchu-led Qing Dynasty. It was led by heterodox Christian convert Hong Xiuquan, who, having claimed to have received visions, maintained that he was the younger brother of Jesus Christ. About 20 million people died, mainly civilians, in one of the deadliest military conflicts in history. Hong established the Taiping Heavenly Kingdom with its capital at Nanjing. The Kingdom's army controlled large parts of southern China, at its height containing about 30 million people. The rebels attempted social reforms believing in shared "property in common" and the replacement of Confucianism, Buddhism and Chinese folk religion with a form of Christianity. Because of their refusal to wear the queue, Taiping troops were nicknamed "Longhairs" by the Qing government. The Taiping areas were besieged by Qing forces throughout most of the rebellion. The Qing government crushed the rebellion with the

was the younger brother of Jesus Christ. Charmed lives, Eternal life. Bullets cannot kill them. I've always wanted to meet a Christian to try it out. See what a bullet does to one." This was dangerous talk. I was quite numb by this time and didn't particularly mind being shot but I did wish he would first clean up his rifle. Wallace took the matter in hand even though he had lost his glasses to a soldier desirous of the gold frames and was, as a consequence, both handicapped and in considerable pain. Nevertheless, Wallace rose to the occasion like a diplomatic genius, explaining the modern version of the doctrine of eternal life. He did a good job of it, but I could see that he was losing the argument. The soldier kept fingering his rifle's trigger and was becoming more restive every

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eventual aid of French and British forces.

In the 20th century, Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Nationalist Party, looked on the rebellion as an inspiration, and Chinese leader Mao Zedong glorified the Taiping rebels as early heroic revolutionaries against a corrupt feudal system

moment. Fortunately, other soldiers in the house had found some object that demanded discussion and, by summoning our guard, gave us a reprieve.

The nastiest soldier I had to deal with during this nightmare was a fourteen-year-old. Evidently, he had been a cook's assistant or messenger who had taken a rifle and gone searching for loot. I was coming down the stairway when he entered the front door, halted me at the landing with a bayonet thrust and demanded my money.[49] I turned my empty pockets inside out in demonstration, but the boy saw my watch fob and, grabbing it, removed the watch I had been given by my parents. This should have satisfied him, but he then demanded my clothes and removed them by force. It was my good fortune that upstairs I later found trousers and a vest the other soldiers had disregarded.

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49 End of Manuscript page 29.

We spent a night in fitful slumber, having heard one tale of death and mutilation after another. The new day did not begin with much promise of relief. At daylight, Wallace was compelled to entertain more visitors and inspectors. The hoard of gold imagined by the soldiers had not been found. I made a trip to the attic to look out its window. When I returned to the bottom of the stairs, seven soldiers filed in.[50]

Three soldiers walked from the entrance hallway into the living room, confronted Wallace, and demanded sixty U.S. dollars. No bluster. Just the firm and quiet statement that they had concluded their interrogation and were about to leave the premises but since they had offered us such fine treatment and protection and we had returned their graciousness by consistently lying about the funds in our possession, Wallace had precisely

50 Wallace and I, discussing the matter later, could not agree on the precise sequence of events from this point but my version makes a better story than his.

three minutes to produce sixty dollars or one of their number would execute him and the others would be witnesses to the fact that the assassin had acted in self-defense following our attack.[51]

Still standing at the bottom of the stairs, I was halted by three soldiers who made a similar demand (my ransom was only thirty dollars perhaps because Wallace was a head taller than me) and described the same consequence for noncompliance. I began to joke with the soldiers as had been our custom during the ordeal, but they quickly indicated that they were not in the mood. I pulled out a twenty-five-cent piece I had found in the old vest and held it out toward the spokesman, saying, "Here, this is all I have left. Take it. You have robbed me of everything else, you may as well have this too." This was too much for them. They stepped aside. The spokesman nodded to the seventh man who had remained standing in the doorway

51 End of Manuscript page 30.

between the hallway and the living room. He slipped a cartridge clip into his rifle and raised it until it pointed at my stomach. Just as the rifle reached this point in its trajectory toward an aiming point in the middle of my forehead, a tremendous explosion and resulting concussion shook the house. The seven soldiers ran out as someone outside yelled: "The foreigners are shelling the city."

Bugles sounded shortly after the first barrage of shells, and I later read that the soldiers immediately left off their looting and became protectors of the poor.

A new guard was stationed in our compound and there were rumors that negotiations had begun for our release. A University of Nanking professor arrived in a closed one-ton motor truck. We slipped inside and were driven to the University. On the way we picked up others who had been hiding out.

Arrived there, we were taken to a third-floor room where dozens of Western missionaries and businesspeople were assembled. An American baby had been born in the hour of the worst chaos. The room was filled with stories of rape and murder.[52] We wept. But, also, what rejoicing! What tales of narrow escapes! Soon Chinese friends brought soap and towels.

All that day and into the next afternoon we were housed at the University while negotiations for our transfer to the waiting gunboats were being conducted by our countries' representatives. Late in the afternoon we were lined up. Women and small children were permitted to ride in rickshaws while the rest of us walked. We were a goodly company. During the four-mile walk to the Yangtze, we saw many heads tied to telephone poles. Some were attached by a bit of rope through an ear. Some of the faces looked familiar. I happened to look

52 End of Manuscript page 31.

more closely at one of the guards who walked by my side for protection. He was the same fourteen-year-old boy who had stripped me of my clothes. He still wore my coat.

The gunboat to which I was assigned was the one that had fired the shot that saved my life. Mrs. McAfee, my wife, and the children, meanwhile, had been sent on to Shanghai. They had been on this ship during the fighting, had heard many conflicting rumors but, of course, could not be certain what happened to Wallace and me. One of my first actions was to seek out the man who had fired that first shell and, finding him, I thanked him heartily. Servants, including our own, arrived from time to time with clothing and bedding which they had purchased from the looters or had hidden. All of us were outfitted after a fashion. I was handed a morning coat which I was assured was mine which it did resemble. Six months later while I was dressing for Sunday services in a strange New

England city where I was to deliver a sermon, I found that the sleeves were at least three inches too long.[53]

The sailors fed us. There was no abundance of food, and we ate listlessly. We later learned that the sailors who provided our food had paid for it out of their own funds; that is, that the U.S. government made no provision for the feeding of refugees the sailors might be required to rescue. Unfortunately, among the foods provided to us was liver sausage purchased in Nanking. Refrigeration space on a destroyer is very limited. Something had gone wrong. By that night some thirty of us were ill with ptomaine poisoning. I was soon only semi-conscious. The Nanking University professor who had come to our rescue at the compound in Nanking became my nurse throughout that terrible night. When we reached Shanghai the next morning, I had a dim, distorted view of my wife on

53 End of Manuscript page 32.

the bund as I was being transferred from the destroyer to an ambulance. Six days later I was able to appreciate the attention I was receiving in the Shanghai hospital.

Later we learned that our college president, of whom I have written and who had embarked directly for Shanghai while we remained in Nanking, had died aboard ship. No organic trouble. Just a broken heart!

The S.S. President Pierce was outfitted to carry refugees to America. Bunks had been hastily erected in the holds. We secured accommodations. There seemed to be no reason for staying longer in China.

My nervous system was pretty well shot. I felt as if I were walking in a daze. When the ship stopped in Yokohama, Japan, a small group of us made an afternoon trip to Kamakura. It was cherry blossom time. We stood in front of the Daibutsu[54] at

sunset. I looked up into the serene face of that great statue with its closed eyes and I looked . . . and I looked . . .. Peace, such peace as I thought should never again be mine, the[55] peace which the statue's artisans had enshrined there, flooded my entire being. The fact that it was a religious image of a faith other than my own neither added to nor detracted from its healing quality as art. I determined then, for the whole of my life, that I should never again scorn the religious faith of another. I came back to the ship healed. I had been taken out of myself for a few moments and those

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54 The Great Buddha of Kamakura (Kamakura Daibutsu) is a bronze statue of Amida Buddha, which stands on the grounds of Kotokuin Temple. With a height of 13.35 meters, it is the second tallest bronze Buddha statue in Japan, surpassed only by the statue in Nara's Temple. The statue was cast in 1252 and originally located inside a large temple hall. However, the temple buildings were destroyed multiple times by typhoons and a tidal wave in the 14th and 15th centuries. So, since 1495, the Buddha has been standing in the open air.

55 End of Manuscript page 33.

moments were sufficient to enable me to shake off the horrors that had sickened my soul.

There was no exaltation. That came to me off the shores of America. Early one morning, long before dawn, as we were nearing the coast, I was on the top deck looking to the east. At first there appeared a faint glow of indistinct and indefinite color. Then what appeared to be a small silver island floating upon an emerald sea; then "the rosy fingers of early dawn"[56] on the glaciers of Mt. Rainer[57]; then the glory of full dawn from my own glorious country, projecting its scintillating beauty far out to sea. Before the majesty of a beauty such as this, what were a few horrible scenes in the gutters of a far land on the other side of the sea?!

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56 This is actually, I believe, a paraphrase from Homer's Odyssey which contains the following: "dawn showed its rosy fingers through the early mists". The author provides no reference.

57 There are in fact twenty-five major glaciers on Mount Rainier and numerous unnamed snow or ice patches.

CHAPTER III

Hua Chung[58] - Utopia

58 Hua Chung (now "Huazhong") University in Wuhan, the capital city of Hubei Province and the most populous city in central China.

During 1928 while we were busy in America the word that came from China from those who had remained in the foreign concessions at Shanghai and from newspaper articles was none too encouraging. The Communist regime was strongly entrenched with its headquarters in Hankow. Many Christian workers had been beheaded. Others had had property confiscated. Some, indeed, had embraced communism with the same readiness with which they had formerly embraced Christianity. The old Chinese family system was reported to have disintegrated. The institution of marriage had also dissolved. Many missionaries believed that if Christianity were again to become a force in China, it would be compelled to make what would be tantamount to a new beginning.

And yet, in 1929 I was asked to return to China to bigger and better college work, under

Chinese leadership. In nearly all phases of church life the Communist opposition had developed expert native leadership. Never again was the foreign missionary to dominate the Christian work in China. Huping College was to be united with several other colleges as Central China University. I was at the moment the only teacher from Huping who had been assigned a position on the new staff.

In 1922, the Burton Commission[59], which had been sent to China to study the educational situation, had reported that there were too many small, understaffed, and underfinanced Christian colleges in China. The commission advised colleges in certain areas to unite. One of the regions suggested was central China.[60] In this area there had been six colleges: Boone in Wuchang; Wesley also in Wuchang; Griffith John in Hankow; Huping

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59 Also known as the China Educational Commission headed by Ernest D. Burton, D.D.

60 End of Manuscript page 37.

College in Yochow; Yale in China in Changsha; and a Swedish free church college in Yiyang. Three of these colleges did unite in 1924. None of them was able to reopen separately in 1929 by which time there was sufficient Christian influence in the central government to permit it. All six pooled their resources and manpower, opening as Central China College on the Boone campus in Wuchang in September of that year. The president was a strong Chinese educator who had formerly been Dean of Boone and of the 1924 Central China University.

The six-year period from 1929 to 1936 is largely a record of work. The daily, monthly, and yearly routine of constant effort built this college into a mighty force in the religious and social life of central China. I began work daily at 6:00 a.m. and remained at it until 10:30 p.m. So did almost every other man and woman connected with the work of the college. We kept ourselves alive socially and abreast of the times. We maintained and worked

hard in a philosophical club known as the Friday Club. It had only twelve members but usually more than that number of associate members. Concerts and dramatic performances gave opportunity for self-expression and also public enlightenment. Distinguished visitors from America and England made our campus their headquarters for lecture tours or investigations. The religious activities of the college were in no need of assistance from the outside. Student Christian movements were spontaneous. The college hostel system gave plenty of scope for regular and specialized work by officially appointed persons.[61]

I regularly taught a class in the philosophy of education and another in the history of education. Many more hours of teaching each week became necessary because, as dean, I had to do the "pinch hitting" myself when furloughs, sabbatical leaves of

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61 End of Manuscript page 38.

absence, or other causes made substitute teachers necessary, and none were available. Thus, I taught philosophy, psychology, introduction to education, religion, and physical education. Only once was it necessary for me to substitute as an English teacher. Sometimes peculiar situations placed me in positions for which I had little qualification. As an example, for several years, I was director of the women's work in physical education. No woman was available for this position. The physical director was a Chinese man. The rules of propriety prevented his appointment to the work. But I was a foreigner. It was quite permissible for me.

A few months before our return to China, our youngest daughter was born. Taking her into the torn-up area of Hankow had looked a bit dangerous. Our mission had no residents in Wuchang. Our furniture and supplies had been diluted. However, we took the chance and arrived in Wuchang in time for the opening of the college.

An entire new curriculum needed to be built. Three schools: science, liberal arts, and education, with a total of eleven major courses of study, were established. This gave the institution university standing. The enrollment was limited to 350 men and women. The faculty numbered forty to forty-five. I was appointed dean. Much of the curriculum building during the next two years came my way. Because I had, once upon a time, learned the carpenter trade, much of the reconstruction work required in the buildings was also left to me.

Mrs. Taylor was requested to organize a Department of Music and was later appointed to chair this department,[62] which developed into a strong and important phase of college work. Seven pianos were in use practically every minute from 6:00 a.m. until 10:00 p.m. Despite an otherwise qualified staff of the Music Department, there was

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62 End of Manuscript page 39.

no one in it who could tune a piano. Since no one could be induced to come from Hankow for this purpose, I was drafted! I could only tell the tone of a key by its vibrations rather than by ear. Mrs. Taylor had to stand by most of the time. It was lucky that she has what is called "absolute pitch."

We were assigned to a small house on one end of the campus. This was a "temporary" building. But like many temporary buildings in the mission fields, it was about as permanent as any other. It had already served as a residence for five years and we lived in it for the next six. The temporary part of it was really in the matter of conveniences. The college had a good water supply, pipes laid down, and an electric light plant but this house was not equipped to use them.

At Huping the matter of baths and toilet arrangements had been an annoyance with no satisfactory alternatives. A tin bathtub, large

enough to sit in, was placed on a platform about eight inches high. When a bath was desired, a servant heated a five-gallon kerosene can of water and carried it upstairs. When the bath had been "enjoyed", the dirty water was carried downstairs in the can, which was then emptied. The toilet was another five-gallon kerosene can placed in a wooden box with a lid. An enamel washbasin and two more kerosene cans, one for clean water and one for slops, completed the bathroom equipment. Each morning[63] just after daylight, the scavenger coolie emptied the accumulated night soil. For this purpose, an outside bathroom stairway was necessary. It was a dirty, inconvenient arrangement at best and I saw no need to be satisfied with such primitive arrangements. I turned plumber and mason and installed a modern bathroom and water system.

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63 End of Manuscript page 40.

The year 1931 gave me my first opportunity to learn about handling great masses of people. An unprecedented snowfall in the mountains of the Yangtze basin together with unusually heavy and wide-spread local rains, made the annual spring rise of the Yangtze more than three feet above the level that could be handled by the dikes. The normal rise of the river is more than twenty feet. As much as a thirty-foot rise in the river can be handled by the dikes. In 1931, many square miles of countryside were inundated. Farming villages disappeared. So great was the devastation that the Lindberghs[64] were sent to take a look and make a

64 The great American aviator, Charles Lindbergh, and his wife Anne Morrow Lindbergh flew to the Orient by the great-circle route in 1931 and surveyed the devastating flooding described in the text from the Chinese coast to Nanking where they landed on Lotus Lake outside the city wall. These damage surveys were conducted under the auspices of the National Flood Relief Commission. The expedition is the subject of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's travelogue entitled *North to the Orient*, copyright 1935 renewed 1963, Harcourt Brace & Co., Library of Congress No. 35-27279, ISBN 0-15-667140-9.

report. Mr. Charles Lindbergh passed the window of my classroom as I was giving a lecture on the philosophy of education. It was a great temptation to dismiss the class, but I thought it might not be kind to annoy him while he was making an inspection tour. I hoped the students would have an opportunity to see him later. This was the summer when Mrs. Lindbergh fell into the swollen waters of the Yangtze and was, fortunately, rescued.[65]

The college campus was located on high ground. The lowest point was the athletic field, which was covered with three feet of floodwater. Refugees flocked to the higher ground and were

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65 The incident, described in detail in Joyce Milton's Google eBook entitled *Loss of Eden: a Biography of Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh* (2011) occurred when the Lindbergh's fragile, wood and cloth pontoon aircraft, called the Sirius, was being lowered from the British aircraft carrier Hermes into the flooded Yangtze, the lowering cable jammed and snapped, and the Lindberghs were thrown into the river. The aircraft was heavily damaged and had to be shipped to the United States for repairs.

soon crowding the campus. An associated girls middle[66] school was standing in ten feet of water. A hospital across the river used rowboats to take its patients out through the second-floor windows. Matsheds[67] appeared on the hillsides throughout the Wuhan area. It was estimated that there were two million refugees scattered about on the nearby hills.

Food was scarce. In the large refugee camps wheat from America, where there happened to be a surplus, was distributed. However, the refugees had little experience with wheat and, when it could be cooked at all, it was prepared like rice which provided very little nourishment. Stories of cannibalism were common.

Emergency hospitals were built. These were bamboo matsheds without floors or beds. Cholera

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66 End of Manuscript page 41.

67 Small, poorly constructed, temporary structures.

was the most dreaded disease. Students and teachers from all of the schools in the region, including ours, were organized into service bands. I was in a vaccination squad. We lined up large groups of people. Three persons went down the line. The first scrubbed an arm with alcohol; the second, with a needle through a cork, made the necessary scarification to bring the blood serum to the surface; the third blew a drop of vaccine onto the bloody spot from a small pipette. The team was able to handle a large number of people in an hour.

People begged for quinine. Others kept pleading, "Ta chen, give me an injection." Quinine and the hypodermic needle had come to be regarded as a cure for all ills and with almost superstitious reverence. Nevertheless, an unprotected "foreigner" was often in danger of being torn to bits by hunger crazed or delirious mobs.[68]

It happened on a hot summer day. The Yangtze was in flood. I had been asked to live in Yochow for a month looking after the work and property while those men usually stationed there took a much-needed vacation.

Muriel Lester[69], on one of her now famous visits to China, had made the trip to Yochow primarily to see the work of the Huping Middle School, which was then developing a program to train preachers and teachers with agricultural expertise. Miss Lester was a guest in my house. She had recently written and published articles uncomplimentary to the Japanese. What happened while she was our guest may have been purely coincidental; the apparent retaliatory act being in the eye of the beholder.

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68 End of Manuscript page 42.

69 In 1934 Muriel Lester became Ambassador-At-Large and later Traveling Secretary for the International Fellowship of Reconciliation [IFOR] for which she worked in China from 1934-1936.

Nevertheless, at the time of this visit the floodwaters of the Yangtze had raised the level of DongTing Lake[70] to such an extent that the streets in the villages along the shore and even in the city of Yochow were flooded to the first-floor level of adjoining houses. The inhabitants eagerly watched the sky, hoping for clear weather and no wind. Waves, even small ones, would surely wreck their houses. The regular river steamers that plied the river between Hankow and Changsha passed very

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70 A large, shallow lake in northeastern Hunan Province, Tung Ting (Dongting) Lake controlled the floodwaters of the Yangtze, increasing in size from about 2,800 square kilometers in late June to 20,000 square kilometers in September each year. *The Sand Pebbles* by Richard McKenna; Harper & Row, N.Y., 1962; ISBN 1-55750-446-6, is a fictionalized account of the actions of the crew of the American steam-powered Yangtze River gunboat, the U.S.S. San Pablo stationed at Changsha on Tung Ting Lake during the Nationalist Northern Expedition of 1925-27. The author served on a Yangtze gunboat in 1936. 2oth Century Fox released a motion picture version in 1966 directed by Robert Wise and starring Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough, Richard Crenna, and Candice Bergen. The film was nominated for eight Academy Awards.

slowly at least a mile from shore to avoid this hazard.

Two Japanese gunboats then steamed up the Yangtze into DongTing Lake at full speed, keeping as close to the shore as they thought safe for themselves. Bow and stern waves of the two fast ships, in succession, wrecked the houses along the shoreline and doing untold property damage while injuring hundreds of people.

The ships came about in the bay just opposite the Huping campus and sprayed the campus with machine gun and small arm fire. No one[71] was hurt. Students, who had remained on campus to work during the summer, dug many bullets out of the walls for souvenirs. The incident made no change in Muriel Lester's plans. She neither prolonged her visit nor rushed away. The incident was brought to

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71 End of Manuscript page 42A.

the attention to the Japanese authorities that explained it as necessary military practice.

My colleague whom we last saw boarding the caboose of a train while holding the suitcase he had just rescued from a thief, invited me to spend the Chinese New Year vacation with him. He had charge of the evangelistic work of a district that embraced a dozen or more in little known or traveled country. Since most of my Chinese contacts had been with college groups or worked in cities as coolies or mechanics, I looked upon this as an excellent opportunity to learn something about country and village life.

I was especially happy that the invitation came from this particular friend. He is the type of person whose fellowship I enjoy. I had just heard a story about him and was anxious to get his version. He had become something of a local hero for

performing an act of gallantry or, perhaps, it was something else- let the reader be the judge.

A young woman, who lived in a shack just outside the mission compound wall, jumped into a pond and failed to return to the surface. Friends, neighbors, bystanders, and relatives; including the mother-in-law, made the welkin[72] ring with shrieks, wails, caterwauls, and other complicated noises. This disturbed the cogitation of my friend in his study. He ran out of the house, across the compound, and out through the old "horse gate." He soon learned the facts, stripped for action, and plunged in repeatedly.

Ponds of this type are not dug to be used as swimming pools. They collect surface drainage including the refuse from gutters[73] that run along

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72 "Welkin" is an archaic, English term referring to the sky, the upper air, the firmament, the heavens, or the Celestial sphere.

73 End of Manuscript page 42B.

the city streets. This grey water is seldom used for cooking but serves for washing clothes and other less hygienically critical household necessities that are usually performed at the edge of the pond itself. Gardens, usually located nearby, are irrigated with pond water and do quite well. The depth of such ponds ranges from five to thirty feet. This one was fairly deep and covered with a scum of green algae. No one except this hero (or a fool) would dive into such a filthy pond and run the risk of cholera or worse.

I shall not tell you what happened to the young lady whom my friend finally brought to the surface; not even whether she lived or died or whether her relatives received her gladly. I will merely tell you the cause of the incident. The young woman's mother-in-law was a tyrant and a virago.[74]

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74 The term "virago" (from the Latin "vir" meaning virile to which the suffix "ago" has been added re-gendering the word to a female referent) refers generally to a woman who has risen above gender

The daughter-in-law took her revenge by jumping into the pond. This caused the mother-in-law to lose face. But if the daughter survived?

We started out on horseback. I straddled my Manchurian pony and rode ahead. After a time, my friend passed me and took the lead. I chuckled to myself as I watched him from the rear, hour after hour, sitting his pony, now leaning to the left, now to the right. He dwarfed his pony, both in height and in breadth; especially in breadth, to such an extent that he looked for all the world like a figure produced by a clever cartoonist. It was not until several years later that I overheard him tell how, on this trip, as we started out, he had ridden behind me but that the picture I presented as I jogged along; now leaning to the right, now to the left,

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stereotypes to embody heroism at its best. Joan of Arc would be an example of a virago in this sense. However, the term often refers to a masculine, aggressive woman; one who is noisy and domineering, and this appears to be the sense in which the term is used in the text.

dwarfing my pony both as to height and breadth, but especially as to breadth, had made me appear for all the world like a figure from a comic strip. Finally, this aspect was so comical that he could no longer suppress his mirth and not desiring to offend me, he had taken the lead where he could enjoy his chuckles unseen and without need for an explanation.

I learned from my colleague how to make a night of it in a village auditorium. Easy. Such buildings are usually brick structures with tile roofs[75], without ceilings or wooden floors. Pews are usually the "saw-horse" variety of Chinese chair. You simply take two such trestles, place them four feet apart and lay a door (from elsewhere in the building) across. Then you open your bedding roll which consists of one or two comforters, take off your shoes, and creep in, at least partially sheltered

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75 End of Manuscript page 42C.

from the wind, laden with sleet and rain, that howls down the valleys through the windows and roof.

We were welcome everywhere and, since it was New Year, we were feasted wherever we went. If a meal was scheduled for twelve o'clock, it was usually ready by three. Of course, the villagers had no clocks. Unless the sun is shining and the sky is clear, it is difficult to judge the noon hour. Church services begin when the members have assembled. Meals begin when the guests have arrived, and the cook announces that the rice steamer has been opened. A feast consists of meat, eggs, and a few vegetable dishes (if any) together with rice. At other times of the year meat is seldom a part of the diet. Almost every dish served to us during this New Year trip was seasoned with garlic. A vegetable dish was likely to be garlic leaves flavored with meat broth. Our special breakfast dish was fried duck eggs smothered with a sauce concocted of garlic and soy sauce. I ate and

absorbed the potential strength of a whole field of garlic.

When I said goodbye to my friend and guide and had taken the train back to Wuchang, I was eager to relate my experiences to my wife and daughter- or to anyone else. I opened the front vestibule door of the house in which we were living. I had not yet entered the house. From the head of the stairway that leads up from the vestibule came the voice of my wife: "Phew!! Don't you come into the house! Go right to your study and change your clothes." I did as instructed. I also scrubbed, brushed my teeth, and gargled. It was two weeks before I was an acceptable personage in my own home and in society in general.[76]

Having adopted the principle of broad-mindedness toward the religious faith of other persons is one thing. Keeping yourself from having

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76 End of Manuscript page 42D.

a feeling of superiority or of acting in a condescending manner is quite another. The faith that is my own, especially if I have arrived at it by the hard road of personal trials, has a tendency to feel **so** superior.

Again, it was mid-summer. My son, then in his teens, sat beside me on the wall that tops the bunding[77] of the Yangtze River, which leads to the door of the Canadian mission building in Chungking.[78] The upper and middle regions of the Yangtze had not had a drop of rain since early spring. A few more days without rain would certainly result in a famine year.

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77 Bunding, also called a bund wall, is the area within a structure designed to prevent flooding or breaches of various types. An embankment or dike. The bund referred to the waterfront area of Chinese cities along the Yangtze, especially Shanghai, but including other foreign concessions.

78 Now: "Chongqing", a major city in Southwest China and one of five national central cities of the People's Republic of China.

Christian groups in Hankow[79] and Changsha[80] had prayed for rain. Buddhists in two provinces had persuaded the authorities that the drought was due to the slaughter of animals for food. Accordingly, a decree went forth that there should be no further animal slaughter for this purpose. In one city a pig and a water buffalo had been sacrificed to no avail. There was a persistent rumor that preparations were being made for a human sacrifice. A young virgin was needed, and one had offered herself. In one military center, anti-aircraft shells bombarded the heavens without effect.

Taoism is the religion in China that has retained the most magical and animistic elements. Chungking is the home of Taoism. Across the river

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79 Now "Hankou", one of the three cities the merging of which formed modern Wuhan. The city's name means "mouth of the Han" referring to its location on the north bank of the confluence of the Han and Yangtze Rivers.

80 Capital city of Hunan Province.

from where my son and I were sitting is a cave in which the mythical founder of Taoism, Lao-tze[81], is thought to have lived and worked. We had visited this cave on the previous day and had absorbed the local lore. By the end we were so filled with folklore and had listened to so many tall tales that we were inclined to be skeptical toward anything we heard or saw. We were ready for concrete reality.

An earlier trip up the Yangtze, through the gorges, while the powerful little steamer fought the terrifying rapids foot-by-foot and inch-by-inch, had been enlivened by the tales of the Three Kingdoms.[82] The storyteller was in his element. We were in the

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81 Lao-tze is the reputed author of the "Tao Te Ching" and founder of the Taoist religion in China. His name means "Old Master" and "Tao" means the "Way".

82 The Three Kingdoms is a bloody period of Chinese history between about 220 and 280 CE that has been greatly romanticized in China, Japan, Korea, and Vietnam and popularized in operas, folk stories, novels and, more recently, films.

very locale where some of the mighty deeds of[83] the mythical heroes were performed.

That may be why as we sat on the wall, my son and I were so entranced by the worldly efforts of the Yangtze boatmen as they fought their way across the swift river current in their eight to sixteen oared boats with the long sweep rudder. Theirs was an almost superhuman struggle. The rhythmic clump of the oars against the wooden oarlocks, rising above the roar of the stream, spoke of skill, strength, precision, and applied science. It was a harmonious blending of science and art, of beauty and virility, of triumph and terror.

I had come to my love and appreciation of philosophy by way of the natural and physical sciences- not by way of metaphysics or mathematics. I had learned to regard religion as an art and theology as a science. I had been able, in my

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83 End of Manuscript page 42E.

own thinking and to my own satisfaction, to disentangle and evaluate magical elements in religions. Added to this was my superficial knowledge of the science of meteorology. Consequently, I had no high regard for those of any religion who prayed for rain or for those who used magical formulae in an attempt to control the elements.

Our absorption of the movements of the boats on the Yangtze came to a sudden end. A procession of Taoist priests came toward us. I nudged my son and whispered in skeptical explanation that the priests were about to perform an incantation designed to produce rain.[84]

Some of the priests wore large, broad brimmed hats from which the crown had been partly removed and through which their long hair protruded in the manner of Psyche.[85] Some carried

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84 End of Manuscript page 42F.

banners or scrolls. Some were performing on wind or percussion instruments. Others were nude, wearing only a garland of weeds on their heads and carried a wooden basin containing water. The basin was held tightly against the abdomen with the left hand while the right hand held a leaved twig that was repeatedly dipped in the water and used to sprinkle all and sundry. At the same time, the men with the basins performed a kind of snake dance with utter abandon and absorption, chanting while they danced.

I had just set my mind and vocal organs for one of my snorts of condescending superiority mixed with pity for the superstitious devotees

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85 Or "sort of a psyche". Psyche is the Greek goddess of the soul usually represented with butterfly wings and long, curly hair. A myth from the Second Century CE involves the affair of Psyche and Venus' son, Cupid. In 1846, the German physician Carl Gustav Carus' text identified the psyche with unconscious mental processes and this theory influenced Carl Jung. The reference here is unclear.

when, from out of the cloudless sky there came a deafening peel of thunder and instantly upon it, a deluge of rain. I knew how the priests of Baal must have felt as they stood before Elijah.[86]

My need to respect the other man's religious faith was reinforced by a later conversation with an Englishman with whom I had become well acquainted. He was an educated, clear-thinking man but he was working with a mission group which was not only ultra-fundamentalist but which also over stressed such doctrines as the spiritual "gift of tongues."[87]

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86 The account of the Prophet Elijah's contest with the Priests of Baal is found in the Hebrew Scriptures at 1 Kings 18.

87 The account of the disciples' receipt of the gift of tongues on the day of Pentecost is found at Acts 2: 1-47. This linguistic faculty is known as in science. And linguistics as glossolalia, which is the fluid vocalization of syllables without any understandable meaning, and that such sounds are considered a divine language for the believer.

When I finally summoned the courage to ask him about his own position on this teaching of his group, he told the following story:[88]

"My father was a big, strong man who suddenly developed 'galloping consumption' from which physicians said he could not recover. Members of my religious group asked if they might pray with him. After the prayer, they anointed him. He recovered quickly and has since then, for many years, devoted himself to the cause of the group."

"After the Great War[89], I wanted to enter the ministry. My father persuaded me to become a missionary in China in his stead because he was too old and had too many family responsibilities."

"I landed in Rangoon and made my way to the Burma border. This was in the days before the

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88 End of Manuscript page 42G.

89 World War I.

construction of the Burma Road.[90] I carried with me several thousand dollars in silver as well as supplies and equipment. I could speak not one word of Chinese or Burmese."

"When I arrived at the border town where I was to meet a missionary from the Chinese highlands, the area of my mission assignment. However, I was informed that the missionary had recently drowned crossing a mountain torrent. His body had been recovered and I was asked to take it with me to his mission station; a journey of a month or more."

"After some days of travel, while I was riding at the head of a pack train of about forty animals

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90 The Burma Road is 717 miles in length running through mountainous country from Kunming, Yunan to Lashio, Burma (now known as Myanmar). The section from Kunming to the Burma Border was constructed during the Second Sino-Japanese War in 1937-38 by 200,000 laborers. Until 1940, the road was used by the British. The Burma Road plays an important part in later parts of this narrative.

being looked after by Chinese horsemen, I became suddenly aware of a commotion behind me. Turning, I saw thirty or forty bandits rushing from the woods and from behind boulders on either side of the trail. My position was helpless. I had no firearm. Several of my men had already[91] been knocked unconscious. I prayed 'God, help me'.

"Suddenly I was filled with the spirit. Words were given me, and I felt the strength of ten men. Jumping from my mount, I picked up a stick, shouting in a tremendous voice words the meanings of which were unknown to me. But the bandits clearly understood their meaning. As I ran toward them, shouting, they first stopped what they were doing, then stared open mouthed at me, then ran."

"When it was all over, I was weak as water. I sat down and wept. Now, if you had had an

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91 End of Manuscript page 42H.

experience like that, wouldn't you be inclined to believe that there is something in the notion of speaking in tongues?"

As in other years, Kuling was our chosen summer resort. Before the end of June, it was necessary to send the children to[92] the mountains. On one of these occasions my family had crossed the river to Hankow and had taken the trip to Kuling before it was possible for me to leave the college. By the middle of July, I was able to get away for two weeks' vacation. I had some heavy baggage that was taken to the river front by rickshaws, unloaded there, reloaded on to a ferry boat, taken by ferry across the river- which at this point is more than a mile wide- and then placed on board a downriver steamer.

For various reasons it was necessary for someone to accompany my baggage. On this day,

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92 End of Manuscript page 42I.

when I had arrived at the waterfront in Wuchang, the police officers on hand suddenly blew their whistles and ordered everyone to stand exactly where they were and not to move until instructed to do so. A large open square was formed. This left my baggage and me in the front line of the square. A military truck came on the scene loaded with standing, fully armed and uniformed soldiers. The soldiers jumped from the rear of the vehicle, dragging three bound men with them. An officer read a document that proclaimed the prisoners to have been communists. For this political affiliation they were now to be beheaded. The first man was made to kneel. The executioner was a very large man, dressed like a motion-picture pirate. He swung a large, two-handed sword and the head rolled on the asphalt. The second man was put into position and his head was separated with one stroke. The third man, however, was made of tougher fiber. When he was placed into position, he

raised his head and yelled with all his vocal strength: "Communism live forever!" The executioner swung his sword, but the head remained attached. The executioner swung again and again- a total of thirteen strokes by my count- until the mutilated body was left to the man's relatives to cart away.[93]

Our two older children had been tutored by their mother in their schoolwork during our first term in China. They were now enrolled in the Kuling American School.[94] Our six-month-old infant had grown into a pre-school child[95] whose playmates were, with one exception, the children of Chinese teachers. Consequently, she was much more fluent in the Chinese language than were her parents. By the time she was five years of age, she

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93 End of Manuscript page 43.

94 Further information concerning the Kuling American School can be found in an appendix hereto.

95 This editor's mother, Nancy V. Snyder.

wanted to study as her playmates were doing. Chinese children begin their schooling at age six, but they are regarded as one year old at birth. So, my daughter Nancy had a teacher; one of the women college students we engaged to provide two hours of tutoring each day. Soon, Nancy was doing her math problems in Chinese, singing Chinese songs and nursery rhymes, and writing Chinese characters with a brush.

Tragedy struck suddenly. Nancy became listless and was put to bed. Her student teacher hemorrhaged and in ten days died of tuberculosis. It took some time for the doctors to be certain of Nancy's diagnosis but one day a British physician who had performed an exhaustive study of her case, came to our house, and told her she was very sick and would have to lie quietly without playing or playmates for at least a year; perhaps two. This was, as he put it: "a hard thing to tell her." Nancy's bed was, at the time, on an upstairs, enclosed porch.

It was there that the consultation occurred. The little girl did not so much as cry but her next inquiry nearly caused me to completely lose my composure. Nancy turned her eyes toward her mother and asked: "But mother, I may look out the window and watch the clouds go by and think nice thoughts, mayn't I?"

For nine months she did just that. Obeying the doctors' orders completely and cheerfully.[96] Her mother then took her back to America where she was later to be placed and to be cured in one of our state's sanitaria. I was able also, at the end of the school term, to return to America.[97]

No account of a missionary's life in China is complete without some reference to matters of finance. My agreement with the Board of Missions[98]

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96 End of Manuscript page 44.

97 End of Manuscript page 45.

98 Then of the Evangelical and Reformed Church which

which had sent me to China, provided that I should spend all of my time and energy in the work of the mission, leaving the matter of physical necessities for myself and my family to the Board. Expenses for housing, medical, dental, and ocular treatment, and a sufficient allowance for clothing and food were all included in my salary. However, this Board, and mission boards generally, did not consider (as they hardly could consider) the costs of social obligations that cannot be avoided in the various positions in the mission institution. College teachers and administrators have standards to maintain and certain social obligations to meet that are particular to the academic community.

My family was able to make both ends meet and to live a congenial lifestyle, even with the two older children in private school in Kuling, until the

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merged, in 1957, with the Congregational Christian Church to form the United Church of Christ, a mainline Protestant Christian denomination primarily in the Reformed tradition.

Great Depression hit us. In China, private school for the children is not a luxury. It is the only alternative to sending the children back to America to live with relatives. The first jolt was a notice that our salary had been reduced by ten percent. Shortly thereafter, an attempt to stabilize the Chinese currency by an agreement between that country and the United States further reduced our salary by one-half. The salary had been paid in United States' currency, which we sold on the open market. Following the currency stabilization agreement, imports of all kinds including food remained at the pre-agreement price, but we received only one-half of the previous value in local currency for our salary. Then came another notice of an additional forty percent reduction in salary.

One can live within one's means only if those means are sufficient to avoid starvation. Absent starvation, the sufficiency of one's means depends entirely on the lifestyle that can be tolerated. In

common with other missionary families, my wife and I had each assumed full-time positions on the staff of our institution. These were "full-time" jobs not limited to a mere eight hours per day. Housework[99] had to be left to local servants, an arrangement no American woman prefers. But if the mission work is to be carried on there is no alternative. Moreover, it was virtually impossible for an American housewife to do her family's marketing in a city or village in the interior of China.

The Great Depression brought abrupt and severe changes to our standard of living. Private school tuition for our children exhausted three-fourths of our income. The servant staff was reduced to one. Sleeping hours were shortened. Entertainments of all kinds were discontinued. The quality of food purchases declined. Each of us took

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99 End of Manuscript page 45A.

on aspects of the housework. Kuling as a summer retreat was out of the question. When vacations arrived, we had the children come home.[100]

Our mission, along with all of the other missions then conducting work in China, managed somehow to survive the Depression. The institutional budgets, always too low, could not be greatly reduced but the cost to individual missionaries and their families of the privations during this period is incalculable.

When the children arrived at the college for their vacation, we asked ourselves why we could not survive the summer in the Yangtze Valley. Missionaries had done so before the founding of Kuling.[101] We tried not to remember the many small graves we had seen at mission sites.

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100 Wuhan, Nanjing and Chongqing are known, then and now, as the Three Furnaces of China. A summer mountain retreat was to Westerners during this period a matter of survival, not luxury.

When summer began in earnest, the sheets on our beds felt as if they were made of tin that had been left lying in the sun. We kept the bathtub filled with tepid water and ten baths per night is not an exaggeration. The last thing we wanted was food. Ice was a mirage.

We carried our beds each night to the third-floor verandah of a neighbor's house. My wife and I took shifts during the night to fan the children. When the children became covered with boils, we knew it was time to call a halt. It was then that a missionary from another group came to our rescue by making it possible for us to lease a residence in

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101 Kuling on Mt. Lushan was established in 1895 by Edward Selby Little, a Scottish clergyman, as a hill station for European and American settlers in China and was distinguished by the colonial architecture of its buildings. Because of its mild summers, the mountain town of Kuling is often referred to as "Natures' Air Cooler". Many travelers spend the summer months in the mountains to avoid the heat of nearby cities. In 1936, Kuling was returned to Chinese jurisdiction.

Kikung[102], their mission's summer resort in Hunan on a much lower mountain peak than Kuling; also much cheaper and more than adequate for our needs.[103]

While we were in America at Christmastime, we learned of the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek.[104] I had seen the generalissimo on numerous occasions. Most of the missionaries in the Yangtze Valley had met Madame Chiang. She had been very gracious and helpful at our social and religious gatherings in Kuling including several times as a

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102 The reference is unclear.

103 End of Manuscript page 45B.

104 Known as the Xi'an Incident on December 12, 1936, this was a turning point in the struggle between the ruling Kuomintang of which Chiang Kai-shek was generalissimo and the insurgent Chinese Communist Party. The incident led to a truce between the two factions and allowed the formation of a united front against the invading Japanese forces. There appears to be a gap in time between the previous portion of the narrative involving the Central China floods from July to November 1931 that killed up to 4 million Chinese and the Xi'an Incident in December 1936.

wedding guest. She had been a guest at the house in which we were staying one summer. So, when the kidnapping story, which became a prelude to the break with Japan, appeared in the American press, our indignation was almost personal. Shortly before we left China, the "Young Marshal" a Manchurian warlord and Chiang Kai-shek's kidnapper, had also been a guest in our home. He had brought with him to a college function a woman we were told was currently his "number one" wife. On this basis we felt highly honored at the time. However, in the wake of the perfidious kidnapping, we were just as highly indignant.[105]

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105 End of Manuscript Insert X.

Chapter IV

Wuchang - - - - - Rain[106] of Terror

"EXTRA! EXTRA! WAR! JAPAN and CHINA.

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106 The more usual phrase is "reign of terror", referring to the period from September 5, 1793, to July 28, 1794 following the French Revolution, but the Manuscript is clear on this point.

This was the cry of the newsboy on the pier in Seattle harbor at the very moment on August 14, 1937, when our ship, having taken in its gangplank, dropped the stern mooring lines overboard and tied to shore by one bow line only, was slowly backing out of the harbor.

Two of us: myself an "Old China Hand" by this time, and a new recruit for the mission field; a tall, dignified, serious-minded girl in her early twenties on her first voyage to the Orient, stood by the port rail and held on to paper streamers held at the other end by our friends as if reluctant to have the ship carry us away. When the last streamer was broken and the final mooring line cast off, we headed out to sea. When our friends waving on the pier were an indistinct blur, we looked at each other and began to take stock of our surroundings. We had not yet had time to inspect our cabins. Just as we turned from the rail a steward handed me a telegram. Our mission board had wired: "Use your

judgment whether to proceed or return." I handed the telegram to my companion and, after she glanced at it, said to her: "Well, Gertrude, what about it?" The light of adventure had kindled in her eyes, and she answered: "Look! The gangplank has been taken in, the lines have been cast off and we are headed out to sea."

Two days later as we stood watching the sun drop into the sea just over the starboard bow[107] a cablegram was handed to me. It read: "Wait in Japan until war is over." Our mission board was looking after us. I had been accustomed to wars in China. In fact, I had begun to look upon the state of war as a normal condition of affairs and I could not see any reason for not going directly to my work at Central China College. By the time we had reached Yocohama,[108] we were still undecided whether to

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107 End of Manuscript page 46.

108 Yokohama is the capital city of Kanagawa Prefecture and the second largest city in Japan.

obey or defy the board's orders. On the dock at Yocohama stood a veteran teacher of North Japan College who informed us that he had received orders to take us from the ship, by force, if necessary, to places the missionaries in Sendai[109] had prepared for us where we would be offered work if we desired it. In fact, he told us, they had prepared to receive and care for all China missionaries whom they believed would naturally turn to Japan for refuge.

Newspapers and radio broadcasts in Japan told of the horrors being suffered by Chinese and foreign nationals in China although this maltreatment was universally attributed to the crimes of Chinese soldiers. We were also told that increasing millions of Chinese were seeking assistance from the Japanese from the privations

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109 Capital city of the Miyagi Prefecture in central Japan and known as an academic city on account of the large number of institutions of higher education there located. Sendai is 206 miles from Yokohama.

caused by Chiang Kai-shek's terrorism. We were not persuaded and had plenty of arguments supporting different conclusions concerning the conditions in China and their causes. At the least, we argued, we should go on to Shanghai, which we believed to be an inviolate international city. However, just half an hour before our ship sailed, we were told that it would not dock at Shanghai, and we were persuaded to return to shore with our baggage. For the first time I saw Gertrude's trunk. It was a wardrobe that required four Japanese stevedores to carry to the custom's godown.[110]

The overnight trip to Sendai was uneventful except for one amusing situation. Japanese trains run on meter gauge tracks. The sleeping compartments, with four beds to a compartment, are built for Japanese. In the assignment of berths, no distinction is made between male and female.

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110 From Malay "godong". In India and East Asia, a warehouse, especially one at a dockside.

Gertrude comes from a tall family and stands about six feet in her shoes. Three men and this maid in a Japanese "Pullman"[111] compartment provided enough imaginary incidents for a comic supplement. And some not imaginary.

Our welcome at Sendai was all that our hearts could desire. It seemed as if the entire mission station had come to welcome us and to commiserate with us. And with them came the secret police! Very conspicuously they walked among us, asking innumerable questions which one of the local missionaries answered with clever discretion.

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111 The Pullman Palace Car Company, founded by George Pullman, manufactured railroad cars in the mid-to-late 19th century through the early decades of the 20th century, during the boom of railroads in the United States, and developed the sleeping car. After George Pullman's death in 1897, Robert Todd Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, became company president. The company closed its factory in the Pullman neighborhood of Chicago in 1955.

A month in Sendai with visits to the schools, churches, and beaches; with parties and short trips to a few of Japan's famous beauty spots, was most enjoyable. But no incident of that visit was quite so thrilling as a "fishing" trip on Matsushima[112] Bay. We had not intended to go fishing. The men of the mission were all busy at school or at other mission work. Several of the ladies decided that Gertrude and I needed a bit of diversion to keep us from continually scheming to go back to Yokohama and board a boat for China. It was arranged that we take a motorboat ride across Matsushima Bay and spend the day at the summer cottage of one of the families.

The motorboat was some twenty feet in length with the entire central section surrounded by windows. The boatman sat in a separate compartment in the bow. Since it was a warm day

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112 A group of picturesque islands in Miyagi prefecture, Japan about twenty-two kilometers from Sendai.

all the windows were open.[113] There being no chairs or benches, we sat on the floor in Japanese fashion or as nearly that as our occidental joints would permit. We had just passed some weirdly beautiful islets in the Bay with the hypnotic drone of the motor lulling us into a state of drowsiness when a sudden sound like the crack of a pistol or a shell ricocheting over the water brought us to full wakefulness with a start. I snapped to attention just in time to see a shiny cylindrical object leave the crest of a wave, fly toward us, and hit the boatman in the pit of his stomach. He fell over without a groan. His foot left the throttle. The boat swerved and swung to starboard in a sharp curve and then we were bombarded by dozens of sixteen-to-eighteen-inch fish. Into the boat. Over the boat. The ladies quickly put up their arms and then closed the windows to protect themselves. My hostess, who had likewise seen the first fish in its flight into the

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113 End of Manuscript page 48.

boatman's abdomen, had turned her face forward at that exact moment to receive a resounding slap on her right cheek from a fish's tail. She reflexively turned away but that turn placed her in position for another fish that smote her on the left cheek in a strictly Biblical manner.[114]

That was not the end of the incident. I caught fish, jumping on them with my hands and feet. Most of the jumping, however, was done by the fish-overboard, before I could pounce on them. Those that I did manage to get into my hands were too slippery to hold. After the bombardment had subsided, nine fish lay under a cover. The boatman had recovered and regained control of the boat. His grin was sheepish and a bit sickly. A new item was added to the day's plan. On an island not far from our present location was a rather famous teahouse

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114 "But I tell you, do not resist an evil person. If someone strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." Jesus' command in Matthew 5:39 (NIV).

which suggested the possibility of a Chinese meal which I was persuaded to cook when we arrived; a task of persuasion not overly difficult.[115]

Our entrance to the teahouse was made in the proper ceremonious manner. When the question of food came to the fore, the hostess was informed of the fisherman's luck and of our desire to make a frolic of the affair. I was permitted to enter the kitchen. I had just made two of the fish ready for the pan when the grandmother of all Japanese propriety arrived at the top of the stairs leading down to the kitchen and read us what could only have been the riot act. Apparently, all of the laws of right conduct from the days of the Sun goddess' founding of the race[116] down to the present time had been violated and the teahouse had lost face by permitting a man of another race in the kitchen.

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115 End of Manuscript page 49.

116 According to Shinto myth, the Japanese Sun Goddess, Amaterasu Omikami, founded the Land of the Rising Sun in 660 B.C.

The matriarch's granddaughters and servants stood with heads bowed in shame while the tirade continued. How she was finally pacified I am not completely certain, but I suspect it had something to do with the all-powerful Yen.[117]

The meal was eaten in an open, vine-covered pergola on a cliff by the sea. With such surroundings any meal, even the strangest concoction, could have been passed off as a Chinese delicacy.

A visit to Tokyo and Yokohama did not give us much hope that the war would be over in a week or two. Officials of our own government were becoming difficult. One visit to the American consulate was enough. We were asked to show our passports, which were taken to an inner office and, in due course, returned to us stamped "Not Good For Travel To China". We went to see the British

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117 The Japanese Yen is that nation's official currency.

consul where we received some helpful suggestions and decided there and then to get out of Japan as quickly as possible.

On Saturday morning, September 18,[118] while we were attending a cornerstone laying at Miyagi College in Sendai, a telegram arrived via London from our mission in central China. We were informed[119] that Central China College was expecting us daily and that travel via Hong Kong[120]

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118 1937.

119 End of Manuscript page 50.

120 Hong Kong (Mandarin: Xianggang) refers variously to an area of about 422 square miles adjacent to Guangdong Province in southeast China on the estuary of the Pearl River or to the capital city (officially: Victoria) of that area. The area, which consists of Hong Kong Island (ceded by China to Britain in the Treaty of Nanking in 1842 at the end of the Opium War), Kowloon peninsula and an adjoining island, ceded to Britain under the Beijing Convention in 1860, and the New Territories, a mountainous mainland area adjoining Kowloon which, along with some 235 islands and two bays, was leased by China to Britain in 1898 for 99 years. In 1921 Britain agreed to limit the fortification of the area and it was easily conquered by the Japanese on

was possible. We could hardly wait for the ceremony in Sendai to conclude.

The next day was Sunday. Religious services, like other public meetings in Japan at that time, were strictly supervised by secret and uniformed police. Attempts were made by the Japanese government to use church services for the spread of propaganda. Sermon material was suggested, and written statements had to be read in all open meetings. Japanese pastors were divided in opinion as to the correctness of such procedures, but few were able to do anything but obey orders.

December 25, 1941, and not reoccupied by the British until September 16, 1945. After 1949, when the Communists took control of Mainland China, hundreds of thousands of refugees crossed the border, making Hong Kong's urban areas the most densely populated in the world. China regained sovereignty of the area on July 1, 1997, and it is now (under the Chinese doctrine of "One Country, Two Systems") a special administrative region of the Peoples Republic of China, a free port, an international trade and banking center, and the greatest transshipment center in East Asia, with a population in 2005 of about seven million.

Our last day in Sendai was Sunday, September 19.[121] It was the first day of the annual mission meeting and was the occasion for the celebration of Holy Communion in the beautiful chapel of North Japan College. In this meeting, Japanese pastors were as outspoken as they dared be in their belief that the Chinese Christians were certainly not to blame for the terrible acts of which they had been accused in official communications issued by the Japanese Office of Information. Over and over, the pastors insisted that Christians throughout the world are one in faith and love and that war could never make them enemies.

We arrived in Yokohama on Monday morning and saw an American ship lying at the pier unloading aluminum pigs[122] and scrap iron. We were able to negotiate passage to Hong Kong and

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121 1937.

122 Ingots.

lost no time getting aboard. It took thirty-six hours to discharge the cargo.

When we had just cleared the last Japanese port, the ship's radio could again be used and we learned that the Japanese were bombing Canton.[123] This made the route to Hong Kong uncertain and our ship headed instead for Manila.[124] One week later, on Sunday morning, September 26, our ship slowed just off Formosa.[125] We went on deck to see what was happening. A Japanese submarine, with

123 Now "Guangzhou", Canton is the capital and largest city of Guangdong province, located on the Pearl River about 75 miles northwest of Hong Kong.

124 Capital city of the Philippines.

125 Refers to the island of Taiwan which, from 1895 until 1945 was under control of Japan. It is now controlled by the Republic of China, successor to the Kuomintang, which was defeated by the Chinese Communist Party in Mainland China in 1949. The People's Republic of China claims the entirety of the island of Taiwan and its surrounding islets as parts of its Taiwan Province. It claims that Taiwan is part of China, that the People's Republic of China succeeded the Republic of China as the sole legitimate authority in all of China upon its founding in 1949. End of Manuscript page 51.

only its conning tower above the surface of the sea, was visually scanning our ship, apparently trying to decide whether to send us a "tin fish"[126] or let us pass on. We were permitted to proceed but the periscope followed us for several hours.

Following a short stay in Manila, we visited friends on ships in Hong Kong harbor where a general evacuation seemed to be in progress. Reports of conditions in central China were very ominous. In Hong Kong and Kowloon.[127] we were able to obtain cot space in the Peninsula Hotel. All private dining rooms and hallways had been

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126 Since the poem "Submarines" by Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936), an informal term for a torpedo.

127 The Kowloon Walled City was a densely populated, largely ungoverned settlement in Kowloon, Hong Kong. Originally a Chinese military fort, the Walled City became an enclave after the New Territories were leased to Britain in 1898. Its population increased dramatically in the period leading up to the surrender of the British Crown colony of Hong Kong to Imperial Japan on 25 December 1941.

converted into bedrooms by the simple expedient of placing folding cots closely together.

Some members of our own mission were in Hong Kong on their way home. They had had enough. This was quite a staggering blow for Gertrude. Should she return to the States? Kind-hearted persons argued on both sides of the question. By October 2 the question was settled. The Bishop of Hong Kong had found a room for Gertrude in that city. I procured passage on a German plane headed toward my work in Central China College.

The plane rose majestically, circling the harbor, and then headed northward through cumulus cloud formations over the mountains of Changsha.[128] It was very peaceful up there in the

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128 The capital city of Hunan Province in south-central China, located on the lower reaches of the Xiang river, a branch of the Yangtze River with a population in 2010 of over 7 million. The 1903 Treaty of Shanghai between the Qing Dynasty and Japan

clouds until we looked down through rifts at the battlefields where war, bloodshed, and horror painted a confused tableau. We also had glimpses of peaceful villages lying on the hillsides below us as well as streams, railroad tracks, and higher

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opened the city to foreign trade. Consequently, factories, churches and schools were built. A college was started by Yale University and later became a medical center. Mao Zedong, founder of the People's Republic of China began his career in Changsha as a student at the Hunan Number 1 Teachers' Training School from 1913 to 1918, returning as a teacher and principal from 1920 to 1922, and Hunan Communist Party Secretary and founder of a self-study University under the YMCA mass education movement in August 1921. Before the massacre of May 1927 by Kuomintang troops owing allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek, communist support remained strong in Changsha. During the Second Sino-Japanese War (1937–45), the strategic location of Changsha made it the focus of four campaigns by the Japanese to capture it from the hands of the Chinese Nationalists. The first of these, the Battle of Changsha from September 13 to October 8, 1939, in which the Japanese deployed poison gas against Chinese civilians, was the first major conflict within the timeframe designated as the Second World War and the first major defeat for Japanese forces. The city itself was virtually destroyed by fire in 1938–39 and was captured by the Japanese in 1944.

mountains over which we stepped with giant strides.[129] Then, quite unexpectedly, below us lay the city of Changsha.

In less than four hours from boarding the plane in Kowloon, I was seated at the table of a genial hostess in the Changsha American Church Mission, sharing a meal and the news. I learned that three universities from northern China had relocated as refugees to several mission properties in the city. A telegram sent to Yochow brought some of our own missionaries to Changsha's railroad station at 3:00 AM when I arrived there. We had a good chat during my stop over. I was given all the latest "dope".[130] The train speeded on with some relaxation of the railroad speed limit.

Central China College is an interdenominational, strategically located, wisely

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129 End of Manuscript page 53.

130 News and information.

administered, internationally staffed, and supported Christian college of very high academic standards.

In 1927, the Communist regime in the Yangtze valley closed all Christian schools and compelled most of the missionary personnel to evacuate. In 1929, pro-Christian elements in the central government gained sufficient strength to permit Christian schools to reopen. Central China College, which in 1924 had only three mission units, reopened in the fall of 1929 with additional faculty members, students, and support from three Hunan colleges. The governing organizations at that time were the American Church Mission[131] (Protestant/ Episcopal), Yale-in-China, the Reformed Church in the U.S., the London

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131 The "American Episcopal Church [Mission]" or "American Church Mission" or, in full, the "Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the USA". Its headquarters was in New York, NY.

Missionary Society, and the Methodist Church (British). The Swedish Free Church (Lutheran), sent one member of its staff and all of its students, but never became an official unit of the organization.[132]

Central China College, under the leadership of its president, Dr. Francis C.M. Wei[133], set very high

132 End of Manuscript page 53.

133 Francis C. M. Wei (1888–1976) was a Chinese Christian educator and the first Chinese president of Huachung University. Wei grew up in a non-Christian home and was sent by his father, a Chinese tea merchant, to receive a western education at the American Episcopal missionary school, Boone College. In 1911, Wei both graduated with a BA from Boone and was baptized into the Episcopal Church. He stayed at Boone to teach mathematics and pursue an MA. Wei pursued another MA in comparative philosophy at Harvard University (1918–1919), before pursuing a PhD from the School of Economics of the University of London (1927–1929), In 1925, Wei served as vice president of the newly formed Huachung University and, after completing his PhD in London, he returned to Huachung to serve as its first Chinese president from 1929 until his retirement in 1951. He was also a visiting professor at the Yale Divinity School in 1937 and was the first Henry W. Luce Visiting Professor of World Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, New York in 1945.

standards at the outset including no admission without examination, intermediate examinations at the end of the sophomore year, a comprehensive examination at the end of the senior year, and a required thesis based on original research (essays and compilations not accepted). One hundred thirty-two credits were required for graduation. Each major required 36 to 52 semester hours.

One of the unique features of this college was its hostel system. Most difficult administrative problems arise when widely different denominational groups attempt to operate a union educational institution. In Central China College each denominational group was permitted to open and operate a "hostel" the head of which was responsible to the religious body that appoints him. His responsibility to the college is through a senate, which includes denominational appointees. The hostel cares for the social, religious, and spiritual welfare of the resident students. Some fear was felt

at the inception that there might be jealousies and misunderstandings among the several hostels. After ten years the experience of the administration was that interhostel cooperation had, for all practical considerations, broken down denominational dissension.

I arrived on the college campus at 4:00 p.m. on October 4.[134] My first greeting was from a young Englishman who had that day become a father. He bubbled over with happiness. The next person I met was also an Englishman and my most intimate friend. I was immediately invited to tea.

Tea is an institution wherever there are Englishmen or Scotsmen to carry on the tradition. Breakfast,[135] lunch, and dinner are merely meals, but tea is a social occasion, a moment of relaxation, and a time when cares and worries are cast aside

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134 1937.

135 End of Manuscript page 54.

and when friendships blossom in their greatest beauty. It was tea to which I had been invited.

I was handing my cup to my hostess for its refilling when I heard my first air-raid siren and felt shivers up and down my spine. We rushed for the door. As we reached the outside, an explosion of some violence brought us to a standstill. Fifteen feet in front of us and ten feet above the ground an anti-aircraft shell; sent to intercept a Japanese plane, had misfired. We ran to the dugout.

Dugouts were ditches, ten feet deep and timbered like a mine tunnel to reduce the danger of collapse. The roofs were heavy timbers covered with boards, bamboo matting, and four feet of earth. Each dugout had several exits. They were good protection against shrapnel and concussions but were not of much value in case of a direct hit.

At the door of the dugout, I hesitated. I was just curious and foolhardy enough to want to see a

bomb drop. I looked up and saw nine beautifully silvered flecks in the sky in the form of a perfect "V." The noise of the planes' motors was shocking. I saw no bomb drop but without warning the ground trembled as in an earthquake. Tiles fell from roofs, glass from windows. Walls toppled and the concussion was like nothing I had experienced since, as a child, a flourmill "went up"[136] in my neighborhood. I jumped into the dugout. A moment later there was another explosion on the other side of campus and then another further away. For us the raid was over.

We came out of the dugouts. Students and teachers returned to their classes. My host and I returned to the house, where we[137] continued our interrupted conversation. The tea was cold.

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136 Flour mill explosions are caused when flour dust acts as a fuel source and, when mixed with oxygen and a source of ignition, explodes when confined in a limited space.

137 End of Manuscript page 55.

Students who had no classes at that hour went out into the streets to help in the rescue work.

The Japanese had an annoying habit of bombing the Wuhan[138] center at the most inopportune times. Between 10:20 a.m. and 3:20 p.m. we were certain to have at least one raid unless prohibited by the weather. College classes were held between 7:30 and 10:30 a.m. and from 3:30 and 10:30 p.m. Moonlit nights brought extra raids. At first the raids frightened the people thoroughly and weakened morale. But after the fourth or fifth raid, people became nonchalant and regarded raids as an unwarranted interference

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138 Marginal Note in the original manuscript: "*Wuhan is the name given to the metropolitan area of three cities at the confluence of the Han and Yangtze Rivers; Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang. Wuchang is the political and educational center of Hupeh. Hankow is the commercial center. Hanyang has large* [remainder of note is missing from the manuscript but may be a reference to the Hanyang Arsenal, established in 1891 and the oldest modern arsenal in China]."

with their routines and adjusted themselves to the raid program.

You cannot always tell what a bomb is likely to do. A bomb will sometimes do very peculiar things. Our college campus was separated from the compound of the Catholic mission by a wall eighteen feet high on our side. Their ground was higher than ours. Just over this wall on the Catholic side, was a large tree. Under this tree lay a pig. A bomb fell near the tree, scattering limbs and shards, rocks, and debris, over the campus. The pig, disturbed from its after-dinner snooze by the explosion, got up and walked away from the edge of the crater apparently untouched and unaffected by the concussion.

Air raids bring out the best and worst in people. An entirely new set of values comes into operation. Things formerly regarded as important tend to give place to the more elemental and[139]

fundamental things of life. Peculiarly enough, these elemental things are not always physical. Friendships and blood relationships take on new meanings. Ideals become so vivid as to be almost concrete. Things, as things, are merely things. If they are lost or destroyed there are always more to be made or accumulated. Their loss is of no great importance. One begins to live on a different scale.

The siren sounds. If you are able-bodied, you rush to a hospital or to some other place where help is likely to be needed. You pick up the helpless and carry them to places of safety. You rush in your work with no sense of fatigue. When planes are overhead, you lie in a corner and relax completely. When the raid is over you join a bucket brigade and help to put out fires. Then you dig out the wounded dead and trapped. You carry on. You return to your classroom or your home; unless they were

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139 End of Manuscript page 56.

destroyed while you were elsewhere but even that does not stop you. You build on the ruins.

One gets accustomed to the idea of death and of separation. You say good-bye to a friend and show no surprise if you do not meet him again after a raid. Sometimes you wonder just when and where you yourself will be next. You think of the elaborate funerals in your hometown, in the days of peace, and you tell yourself that you will be lucky if you have a coffin of any kind when your time comes. Or even if anyone will be able to find enough pieces of you to bury. But who cares? - There is work to be done!

One of the Chinese teachers found a significant way to serve. The war closed in on us. The Japanese army was daily advancing up the Yangtze River Valley. Wounded Chinese soldiers were pouring into our area by the thousands. Some of the sorriest cases were southern soldiers

returned from fighting in the cold north. Their Cantonese clothing was[140] completely inadequate for a Peking winter. When they were wounded or frostbitten, there was no Red Cross or hospitals to provide care. They made their way by whatever means possible to a railroad and lay in boxcars unattended. When they arrived in Hankow they had to cross the Yangtze in boats to get to the Canton-Hankow railroad. Hundreds died on the riverbank and by the railroad tracks. The local residents soon lost their compassion and, for a simple cup of tea, would charge what the traffic would bear. Gangrene and festering sores with no medical care made for a sight and stench beyond nightmare.

Our Chinese teacher, going one day to the riverfront, was outraged by what he saw and smelled. He returned to the college with wrath in his eye and called together a group of students and teachers. There and then was organized the first

140 End of Manuscript page 57.

dressing station and welfare center of its kind. A convenient building was rented. Teachers gave a portion of their salaries and time. Students became nurses and stretcher-bearers. No work was too dirty, no hours too long. Money soon came from abroad to help with the work. Doctors and nurses were added to the staff. In time, military hospitals and dressing stations took over.

Here is an excerpt from a letter that I wrote on January 30, 1938[141]:

I went with H to the dressing station where we were caring for wounded soldiers. I never before saw such a sight. Most of the cases were men wounded by shrapnel. In a place where it is almost impossible to have cleanliness, three nurses and some of our

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141 On January 30, 1938, Adolph Hitler awarded the German National Prize for Arts and Sciences (the Third Reich's alternative to the Nobel Prize which Hitler had banned in 1936) to Ferdinand Porsche for invention of the first hybrid vehicle and to Willy Messerschmitt for his invention of the most produced fighter aircraft in history.

students were dressing wounds of such severity that, in America, only a specialist in a modern hospital would have attempted to treat. How any of these men managed to survive is difficult to conceive. The building has very little light, no sewage[142] *disposal, and no provision for privacy. Yet here they were with whole muscles of legs or arms torn away, bones exposed, and festering abdominal wounds that demand expert packing and draining. Sixty-two severely wounded men are packed into this place so tightly that it is next to impossible to walk between the beds, which consist of boards covered with filthy cotton pads. These men have no doctor to treat them as the doctors are all treating patients even more critically wounded. Despite these obstacles, the three nurses and a few students lost only one of the 220 cases they treated this week.*

Officers of the Church of Christ in China heard of the work; came, saw, and were convinced that

142 End of Manuscript page 58.

additional palliative efforts were necessary. These wounded soldiers required attention long before they reached the Wuhan dressing center. Students, men nurses, and other volunteers began riding the trains transporting the wounded from the front. How many lives were saved and how much misery was alleviated in this way will never be known. Soon the Chinese nation awoke to the situation. The Chinese Red Cross, the American Red Cross, and the International Relief Society (then known as the International Red Cross[143]) organized together to address the situation of wounded soldiers.

With all of this additional labor and despite the constant bombings, the regular work of the College continued. Our college president was in America. The dean of the School of Education, who

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143 The International Committee of the Red Cross ("ICRC") was formed in 1867; initially for the purpose of implementing provisions of the August 22, 1864, first Geneva Convention "for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Wounded in Armies in the Field" and its later amendments.

was acting for the president, kept a steady hand on the controls and did not falter when a piece of shrapnel buried itself in the wall of the administration building after having passed within an inch of his left eye.

Bombings were not the only cause of tragedy on the campus. Many problems were caused to our Chinese staff by living in the foreign style housing to which they had been assigned. For one thing, the foreign style houses are nearly airtight in comparison to those of traditional Chinese construction. Floors are covered with rugs and carpets. Roofs have no openings for smoke and combustion gasses to escape. Windows close in the winter.[144] Dr. and Mrs. Z had lived in a foreign style house in a coastal city and, therefore, were more

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144 End of Manuscript page 59. The manuscript also contains the following: "It is likely to soil the floor if bones and table scraps are thrown to the dogs in the dining room. This does not mean that the ordinary Chinese home is not clean, but its cleanliness is of a different type." Manuscript page 60.

accustomed to this construction than many Chinese staff. In Wuchang they lived in the house next to mine. One morning, Mrs. Z came to my door in great excitement and asked me to come with her quickly.

Mrs. Z had hired a new servant, a young man from the countryside. On the previous day the Z family had purchased and set up in their kitchen a modern range. They instructed the new servant to remove the charcoal stove that had served them temporarily which he had done not by removing it outdoors but by taking it to his sleeping quarters for warmth, closing the door, and lying down for a nap. This would have posed no danger in traditional Chinese construction where the toxic gasses would have found their way out of the porous structure through the roof, walls, or windows. In any event, the servant never awakened. I attempted to revive him for more than an hour before the doctor arrived and pronounced him dead.

The winter of 1937-38 was a busy one for each member of the College staff. My own routine included office work, teaching, and the supervision of building repairs that were constant and extensive due to the bombing. In addition, the care of refugees was a major task for all.

Late in the fall, refugees had begun to arrive at the compound gates,[145] asking for shelter. By the time winter had set in, there were probably one million refugees in the Wuhan area. The Japanese army had broken through the lines above Shanghai. Chenkiang[146], Nanking, and Wuhan were next. As the army came on, refugees left the villages and cities and began their great trek to the west. Thousands of refugees swarmed westward, in large groups, carrying their belongings on their backs,

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145 End of Manuscript page 60.

146 Now Zhenjiang, sitting on the southern bank of the Yangtze River, borders the provincial capital of Nanjing to the west, Changzhou to the east, and Yangzhou across the river to the north.

pushing them in wheelbarrows, or poling them in small boats up the Yangtze. There were no highways, only footpaths. Food in the villages along the route became scarce and then nonexistent. Exorbitant charges for necessities, robbery, and murder were common. Japanese pilots flying over the area of the march and seeing the large masses of people, swooped down and machine-gunned the crowds. Of the many thousands who left the lower Yangtze cities not more than ten percent ever got as far as Hankow.

Not only individuals but also institutions became refugees. One day a young man, formerly one of my students at Huping College, came to see our acting college president. The young man was then the business manager of Nanking University. I was called into the president's office and asked, "Do you think you can take care of the University of Nanking?" I asked how much time I should have to make preparations and was told that about four

hundred students and faculty, together with many of their families, would arrive within twenty-four hours. We already had several thousand refugees on a campus organized to house less than a thousand persons in normal times. I promised to find some way to take care of those about to arrive.

We had recently completed the construction of two twin faculty residences. One of these would serve as home for the refugee faculty members and their families. There was no furniture. Bedding rolls were opened and spread on the floor. There were no stoves.[147] For several weeks these families lived in the closest possible quarters and under the most trying circumstances; yet there were no quarrels. They remained friends for the duration.

The men students were given the gymnasium floor. The women students occupied the locker rooms.

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147 End of Manuscript page 61.

As spring approached, Ginling College arrived.[148] Arrangements were made to absorb both teachers and students in our regular classes. Houses outside the compound were obtained and donated by several mission agencies. Our two institutions lived together harmoniously for some

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148 Ginling College (also known as Ginling Women's University and Ginling Women's College of Arts and Sciences), was a Christian university founded in 1913 in Nanjing, China. It was the first university granting bachelor's degrees to female students in China. Planning for a Christian women's college in the Yangtze Valley began in 1913, with the support of five American mission boards: the Northern Baptist, Disciples of Christ, Northern and Southern Methodist, and Northern Presbyterian. The first home of the Ginling College was two large rambling mansions outside of Nanking. Classes began in September 1915 with eight students and six teachers. Beginning in 1916, land was purchased for a new campus to the west and south of the University of Nanking campus.

During the Nanking Massacre on December 13, 1937, the college harbored up to 10,000 women who tried to hide from the Japanese Imperial Army. Wu Yi-Fang, who earned a doctorate degree from the University of Michigan in 1928, was the first female college president in China, heading Ginling College from 1928-51 before it merged with the University of Nanking in 1951.

months until Ginling moved to the campus of West China University in Changtu.[149]

The ordinary refugees had a hard time of it. Most of them were without funds, food, or clothing. What little bedding they had at the beginning of their trek had long since been reduced to tatters. At

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149 Changtu County is a county in the northeast of Liaoning province, China, bordering Jilin to the northeast and Inner Mongolia in the northwest. The Sino-Japanese War forced the removal of academic activities from the Ginling campus in 1937. Initially Ginling had centers in three cities: Changtu, Wuchang, and Shanghai. By 1938 the college had migrated as a whole to Changtu, where it shared the campus of West China Union University. Meanwhile, back in Nanking, faculty member Minnie Vautrin directed relief activities for up to 10,000 refugees who packed the Ginling campus, trying to escape the outrages of the occupying Japanese army during the so-called Rape of Nanking, December 1937 through May 1938. The Japanese army occupied the Ginling campus from June 1942 until the end of the war. Ginling students were finally able to return to their campus in Nanking in 1946. After the Communist government takeover of Nanking in April 1949, college life at Ginling continued in a fairly normal fashion for the next one and a half years. Early in 1951 Ginling College and the University of Nanking were merged to form the National Ginling University.

night, our classrooms, the college dining hall, hallways, and even the stairways were packed with sleeping refugees. We attempted one night to count them and while no two counters arrived at the same figure, we found that between six and seven thousand newcomers had taken up refuge in our campus.

The sanitation problems were serious. Long trenches, each surrounded by a four-foot bamboo matted fence, were dug in the larger grass plots, and served as latrines. Feeding was no less difficult. From various sources we obtained funds that gave us the ability to spend about twelve Chinese cents per person per day for food. Rice was almost unobtainable, and these people were all rice eaters. We gave them instead "mo-mo", a species of steam baked wheat flour buns. Each person received two buns daily.

I had been expecting my wife and daughter to return to China during the winter. On this basis, I had been assigned one of the new faculty residences.[150] But war conditions worsened. There was little chance of their coming before the end of the war.

One day the wife of one of our teachers came to me and told me I had better make up my mind that my family would not be here this year and that it was not fair for me to live in a house all by myself when there were so many motherless babies without homes. I immediately replied that I would be glad to "adopt" a child or two, if that would help but that was not what she wanted. She told me that during every air raid many children are born in the streets. Often the mothers die while the babies are later picked up and taken to hospitals. Our Christian hospitals in the Wuhan area were so overcrowded they had asked for relief. A group of

150 End of Manuscript page 62.

our faculty wives were prepared to organize themselves into a refugee babies home committee. They had identified my house as the locus for this activity. I had received some money from America for refugee work and why should I not use it for this purpose?

I immediately got busy with saw and hatchet, made frames to hold five baby baskets each, equipped every window in the house with screens, purchased all the tinned milk I could find and, before I could catch my breath, I was the mother of ten Chinese orphan babies. The ladies' committee supervised. We had a day nurse and a night nurse. But there were plenty of problems.

When the air raids came the babies had to be taken into a dugout that I had constructed beneath the foundation of the old city wall directly to the rear of my house. After a bit of practice, it was possible to take one basket under each arm and

make a quick getaway. On moonlit nights we had to awaken, grab the babies, exit the house, and make for the shelter before the planes were upon us. None of the babies even caught a cold as a consequence of these many late-night trips underground.[151]

Diapers were another problem. Traditionally, Chinese babies do not wear diapers in the manner of their American cousins. I determined to do the thing properly and had a large stock of diapers prepared. The fact is that they need washing so I hired a Chinese woman for the task. She first came in the morning of the third day after the home was opened, bringing her own tub, washboard, and stool. Her bound feet prevented her from standing as she worked. The washboard was of yellow pine about nine inches wide with several rough cross grooves, evidently cut with a knife. After I had watched her work for a while, I took out my watch

151 End of Manuscript page 63.

and timed her. I calculated that, at the rate I observed, about a dozen pieces could be washed, dried, and ironed each day. That is clearly insufficient when the needs of ten babies are considered. I got the old family washtub, set it up on trestles, put in hot water and soap, and with a larger washboard, demonstrated the method to be used. She watched me with interest and then smilingly said, "Excuse me." She then picked up her coat and walked out leaving us with the diapers and the babies.

We had an old crank washing machine in the attic that our Chinese staff had refused to touch. I got it down, poured a bucket of water in it and jumped away as it sprung a dozen leaks. Next, I procured several hundred bricks with which I built an outdoor stove. Into its firebox I put a homemade coil of copper tubing, which I connected to a tank I fabricated out of galvanized sheeting. In a few days I had all the hot water I needed and had worked out

a system for handling the diapers. Then I hired a laundryman to do the work but, in making the[152] bargain I was very careful not to tell him that the bulk of the work would consist of diapers.

In Wuchang, as elsewhere in China, it was wise to stay off the streets during an air raid. Houses are washed with wood ashes or painted gray. No laundry may hang outside. The consequence of being seen as a spy or looter would be tragic. A guard might well shoot first and examine his target thereafter. In fact, some guards thought it was by these means that they should keep in practice.

Three hundred yards from my residence, which stands outside the old city wall on a plot of ground newly purchased by the college and laid out for development, there stands an intact corner of the old wall. This is in constant use as a vantage

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152 End of Manuscript page 64.

point where soldiers are stationed as sentries. The house stands on a section of ground between the footing of the wall and the old moat that acts as a drainage canal during the wet season. At other times it reverts to a series of stagnant pools. I did my best to try to landscape the lands on which my house stood.

One afternoon upon my return from the college, while walking in this newly graded patch and considering the landscaping possibilities, a rifle bullet went past my ear with a "Pin-n-n-ng." The procession of the sound made me turn at once toward the sentry's post. Two men were standing there. One pointed a rifle in my direction. A second bullet whizzed past my ear. I ducked. The two men on the wall had a good laugh. They were evidently practiced shots! If they had not been . . ..[153]

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153 End of Manuscript page 65.

One of the most remarkable developments of this war is what I have termed "Mobile Education." Schools, colleges, and universities in the conflict area have simply picked up their equipment and supplies, students and faculty, families, and baggage and set out on a long trek of more than a thousand miles to the relative safety of western China. Some semblance of the education process had to be maintained even on the march. You will remember that Ginling College and the University of Nanking were temporarily on our campus, sharing in whatever we could share. This is typical of what has happened in many places. These two colleges finally reached Chengdu in Szechuan[154] and have taken up residence with the West China University. Scattered all over the country, even in places where there was no higher education at all,

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154 It is 605 miles from Wuhan to Chengdu. The total distance travelled by the students, faculty, and families of Ginling College from Nanjing to Chengdu is 1, 035 miles.

are combinations of high schools, colleges, and universities, carrying on as best they can. Students find any possible accommodations, which often is no more than a few boards or benches in a floorless hut with a thatched roof. Students moved among these makeshift institutions in an attempt to find the most suitable situation to meet their needs and means. The conditions in which teachers carried on without complaint are unimaginable to readers in America.

Imagine what it would be like in America with a war in an area stretching from Chicago to New York, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Atlanta, and New Orleans and with interior cities such as Pittsburgh in enemy hands. Consider the difficulties faced by East Coast Universities trying to move their students, faculty, families, and supplies to Lawrence, Kansas! Add to these difficulties the fact that government officials, military divisions, and all private citizens who can physically do so are also

trying to escape the conflict area at the same time. What you have imagined is very much what this experiment in Chinese Mobile Education has[155] been like. Although, to be truthful, the situation here is made more difficult by the absence of highways and railroads and the presence of highwaymen and profiteers. Many of these students and faculty members were compelled to walk the greater part of the way.

Another feature of note is the many new patriotic societies, magazines, and newspapers that were created during this crisis. The period was a harvest time for newspapermen. Almost overnight, China became a reading society. Christians organized as well. Such societies as The Federation of Chinese Christians, which ignored denominational distinctions in favor of relief efforts, were many and fully involved with Christian housing of refugees on the march and

155 End of Manuscript page 66.

such patriotic acts as are consistent with Christian principles.[156]

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156 It should also be said that there was an Anti-Christian Movement; both intellectual and political, in China in the 1920s. The May Fourth Movement for a New Culture attacked religion of all sorts, including Confucianism and Buddhism as well as Christianity, rejecting all as superstition. The various movements were also inspired by modernizing attitudes deriving from both nationalist and socialist ideologies, as well as by anti-Christian sentiment that was in large part due to repeated invasions of China by western countries. The most influential publication behind the movement was an article by Zhu Zhixin (1885-1920), a colleague of Sun Yat-sen, entitled *What Is Jesus?*, first published in 1919 and much republished thereafter. Zhu argued that Jesus was an ordinary illegitimate peasant child who became the leader of a band of mystical enthusiasts (with bandit elements) such as were often found in Chinese history. In 1922 a student movement was founded, garnering support at a number of universities, initially to oppose the planned meeting of the conference of the World Student Christian Federation in China, and more generally to oppose the assertedly negative influence of Christianity on China's attempts to modernize. Pamphlets, rallies, and petitions were numerous from 1922 through 1927. The killing of six Christian missionaries during the Nanjing Incident of 1927 has been attributed to the influence of the movement, but can also be attributed to more generalized xenophobia. The movement effectively came to an end with Chiang Kai-shek's baptism in 1929 and the

Still another aspect of the crisis was the great number of higher education students, both men and women, completely cut off from their families by the advent of hostilities in their home regions. Many of these students had been enrolled in school far from home when the war broke out. They heard nothing from their families for many months and soon exhausted their financial resources. Government schools were closed and the only alternative; private Christian schools, required fees for tuition as well as room and board. Many students, in sheer loneliness and misery, married as if that step would address their problems!

Paradoxically, Christian churches and schools often benefitted intellectually from these circumstances. The many refugees from the more advanced East provided inspiration and a new light

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appointment of T. V. Soong, a Christian, as premier in 1930.

to the Christians of the West and even to those of central China.

By the time the spring semester was well begun, it was evident that we could not, with safety, begin another year's academic schedule. The stories reaching us of horrors perpetrated by the advancing Japanese forces on helpless civilians and especially on foreigners and those associating with them, increased daily in number as well as in the violent terror they depicted.[157] The Japanese army was approaching Wuhan. We had to move before it arrived; but to where? For a time, the college senate met daily. It was decided that we would not join the refugee center on the West China University campus where we did not believe we could both maintain our academic standards and compete for students. We also dismissed the possibility of relocating to small, nearby mountain towns. South China received the most favorable vote. The dean of

157 End of Manuscript page 67.

the School of Science and I were accordingly sent to find a city that could accommodate our needs and give us some refuge from the war. I packed a suitcase, left my house as it was and the babies in the care of the ladies committee and the hired nurses and, in less than twenty-four hours we were well on our way.

When we arrived in Kweilin, Kwangsi[158] after the usual delays and wonderings, we were impressed by the configuration of the land. For the most part, this section of China is flat plain out of which "grow" weird limestone peaks with caves

158 Now "Guìlín" Kweilin is a prefecture-level city in the northeast of the Guangxi Zhuang Autonomous Region, People's Republic of China, sitting on the west bank of the Li River in southeast China near the border with North Vietnam. Its name means "forest of Sweet Osmanthus", owing to the large number of those fragrant trees in the city. The city has long been renowned for its unique scenery, created by its Karst or limestone geology and is one of China's most popular tourist destinations. See *Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, People's Republic of China* drawings by Thomas George. Published in 1975 by Betty Parsons Gallery, New York, NY.

evident even from a distance. The Kwangsi government and its troops were reputed to be the best of the Chinese military. Here, we said to ourselves, the Japanese will never be able to reach us. Anglican missionaries in Kweilin welcomed the idea of our relocation to their area. They had, however, little space to offer us. The Christian and Missionary Alliance[159] had only a small residence compound. The Southern Baptists, on the other hand, had plenty of space but could not offer it to us because their entire campus had been expropriated by a local government school. The local Baptists were willing to rent a portion of the campus to us, so long as we could wrest it from the government school, but the resident missionaries had no

159 Founded by Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Albert Benjamin Simpson in 1887, the Christian and Missionary Alliance is now a Protestant denomination and, in the 1930's, was involved in evangelical efforts in the urban centers of the United States and throughout the developing world. It was initially closely associated with the Pentecostal movement, an association that ended with the founder's death in 1919.

authority to enter into the lease and had to refer the matter to their mission board at its annual meeting, which, fortunately[160] was to be held in a few days in Hong Kong. We now had two diplomatic impediments before us. After meeting with many local officials and with the assistance of a well-liked colleague, we were promised at least one building on the Southern Baptist campus. With that assurance we hired a small boat, crewed by an elderly woman, and drifted down the Kwei River[161], through the rapids, to Wuchow.[162] Along the river, hundreds of men, women, boys, and girls were panning for gold. We were informed that the average value of the gold recovered per person per day was thirty cents.

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160 End of Manuscript page 68.

161 Now referred to as the Gui River (nicknamed: the Rheine River of the East), the Kwei River is in the Guangxi Zhuang Autonomous Region of China, and a tributary of the Xi Jiang.

162 Now referred to as Wuzhou, Wuchow is a prefecture-level city in the east of Guangxi Zhuang Autonomous Region, People's Republic of China.

Wuchow had been repeatedly bombed in recent raids and the population had constructed a unique defense. Above the tile roof of each building had been constructed a series of three bamboo mats as large as the roof below and built at successive heights. It was believed that Japanese bombs would explode on contact with the topmost mat and that shrapnel would be absorbed in the lower two thereby limiting the resulting damage.

Our passage from Wuchow to Hong Kong was by means of a small and dirty steamship. Passing the tiger rocks[163] at the entrance to the Canton estuary, we observed two Japanese destroyers steaming back and forth for the purpose of examining the cargo of every ship they could intercept. Our little tub was hailed and then permitted to proceed. Arriving in Hong Kong, the negotiations were left to my colleague while I entered the Matilda Hospital for treatment.

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163 Also known as Tiger Island.

When the decision was made to permit us to be accommodated in Kweilin, we immediately wired the college to begin the journey. I wrote to a faculty member and requested the packing of my household necessities to be sent along. In Kweilin we rented all of the[164] houses we could and designated them as either faculty residences or dormitories as we saw fit. We knew we could not hope to please everyone. Families had to be crowded together so that even the largest had at most three rooms.

The trip back to Kweilin was a tedious affair. Arriving in Wochow we could not find a boat to take us upriver. The Baptist missionaries did their best to assist us but I do not know how long it would have taken if two missionary ladies of the Anglican Church had not offered to share their boats with us. The men rode in one boat with the ladies in another. The trip downriver had taken

164 End of Manuscript page 69.

three and one-half days. The return trip was long and tiresome with the river high and floating dead bodies frequently observed.

It had already taken us eleven days to reach a small town from which a new bus route had just opened to serve a newly constructed road to Kweilin. We left the boat and crossed the river at 5:00 A.M. so as t be certain to get a seat on the bus that was scheduled to leave at 9:00 A.M. The bus was already crowded. Every seat on the benches on either side was filled. The baggage had been piled in the center aisle from floor to roof and from back to front. Following extended arguments, a second, dilapidated bus was brought out and likewise filled. After half an hour on the road, first one and then the other bus broke down. This performance kept up until 4:00 P.M when it was evident that we would not reach our destination that day. We had had nothing to eat since before dawn. No food was to be had along the route. Just before dusk I decided

to take a long walk. About a mile[165] and a half from where the two busses were apparently stalled for the night, I came upon a small teahouse. It consisted of four poles sunk in the ground, a thatch roof, a crude table, and a few benches. I asked for food. They had only cold tea. Following much complaint about the state of my hunger, the "lady of the house" told me that she had half a bowl of cold rice gruel left over from the afternoon meal. I paid the price demanded and never before tasted anything so delicious. It was watery, without salt, sugar, or milk and, under ordinary circumstances would have been quite unpalatable; but I was hungry. After my meal, the hostess informed me that there was another small teahouse about a half mile up the mountain. I nearly ran for fear someone else would hear about it and arrive before me. At this teahouse I found dried fish, cookies, and other delicacies. I bought as many as I could and hurried

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165 End of Manuscript page 70.

back to the bus where, because of the loaves and small fishes[166], the two ladies received me with gladness.[167]

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166 In the Christian Bible, the story of the loaves and fishes refers to two separate miraculous events involving Jesus feeding a multitude of people from a small initial supply of food. The first miracle, called "the Feeding of the 5,000" is found in all four Gospels (Matthew 14:13-21; Mark 6:31-44; Luke 9:12-17; and John 6:1-14). The second feeding miracle, called "the Feeding of the 4,000", is found only in Matthew 15:32-39 and Mark 8:1-9..

167 End of Manuscript page 71.

Chapter V

Kweilin –
Spice Orchard[168]

168 One Manuscript entitles this Chapter as "Kweilin - - - - City of Refuge."

When our telegram arrived in Wuchang, college authorities wasted no time getting organized. Some faculty members and students elected not to go with the college. However, there were still more than six hundred people who had to be considered. Students' families could not be accommodated. Teachers' families had to be taken. When one comes to define a "family" in China, troubles begin, yet the college was able to arrive at a reasonable working definition.

The route of retreat lay up the Yangtze River, through Dongting Lake, up the Shiang[169] River past Changsha to Hengyang.[170] From Hengyang a railroad was in the process of being constructed to Kweilin. Rails were torn from tracks where the Japanese were advancing and were being used to

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169 Now the Xiang River.

170 Hengyang (referred to as the Bright Pearl in Southern China) is the second largest city of China's Hunan Province. It straddles the Xiang River about 160 km south of Changsha.

construct this section. The first problem was to procure boats to ferry our people and goods up the Yangtze. A Chinese member of the faculty was placed in charge and negotiated successfully with the local officials.

The spring of 1938 was a time of great confusion. Troops were urgently needed to halt the advance of the Japanese. The chief difficulty at the moment was the lack of transportation. Yet such was the value of one small Christian college in the eyes of government officials, that although anything that would float had been commandeered to move troops, by early July a launch and several junks[171] were put at our disposal.

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171 A junk is an ancient Chinese sailing vessel/ship design still in use today. The term *junk* may be used to cover many kinds of boat—ocean-going, cargo-carrying, pleasure boats, live-aboard. They vary greatly in size and there are significant regional variations in the type of rig. To Western eyes, however, they all appear to resemble one another due to their most significant shared feature, their fully battened sails.

Students tied their bedding, clothing, and books into bundles, hung one bundle on each end of a bamboo pole and trotted off to the river front, just as if they had been accustomed to this sort[172] of thing their whole lives. In fact, it is doubtful whether more than a handful of them had previously done any real physical labor. Nor were the women students in any way undone by the men.

When the boats were loaded, the launch was lashed alongside, and we began the first stage of the trek. From the very first, study and work were organized into routine schedules. Classes were held regularly. Cooking and cleaning, purchasing vegetables and other supplies at villages along the shore, arranging sleeping areas for the night and rolling up and stacking bedding each morning; all these activities left no time for idleness.

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172 End of Manuscript page 72.

Additionally, a constant watch for Japanese planes had to be organized and maintained.

It was rather easy going until we reached the Shiang River.[173] Here the water was shallow. As currently loaded, the launch could not proceed to Hengyang. The load was redistributed. A hundred tons of equipment and baggage was moved to the junks, which are sailboats without keels. When the wind is not favorable, the boats are poled or sculled. It so happened that both wind and current were against us. Therefore, human-powered towing was required for many days. At first this was fun, but it tends to produce sore backs, cut feet, and fatigue. Most of the students and teachers had seen boats dragged up the river by coolies.[174] A rope,

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173 The Xiang River is the chief river of the Dongting Lake drainage system of the middle Yangtze, the largest river in Hunan Province, China.

174 Historically, a coolie was an Asian slave or manual laborer, particularly from southern China, the Indian subcontinent, the Philippines and Indonesia during the 19th century and early 20th century.

usually of split and plaited bamboo, is fastened to the top of the mast. The length of the rope depends on the size of the boat and is often one hundred yards or more. The other end of the rope is taken to the riverbank where an appropriate number of laborers (or, in our case, faculty members and students) pick it up, fasten it to a sling over their shoulders, and lean forward into their harness. In this manner the boats arrived in Hengyang.

So far as the college was concerned, the outstanding feature of[175] Hengyang was the Presbyterian Mission. The missionaries opened schoolrooms, chapels, and even hospital rooms for our use. Nevertheless, the amount of available space was small in comparison to our needs. Chapels and schoolrooms were without floors, windows, or screening. Many students had to find accommodations in local inns that are none too

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175 End of Manuscript page 73.

clean. The stay in Hengyang included the worst heat of summer.

A summer in the Yangtze valley is not a pleasant experience. The sun falls without hindrance on the sands of the Gobi Desert to the northwest of China. The dry, hot air rises. The moisture laden air from southern China breezes through the country until it reaches the Yangtze. There it exchanges moisture for increased temperature and the valley enjoys mist, clouds, occasional rains, and a temperature of ninety-eight humid degrees in the daytime reducing to ninety-six at night. Sunshine is frequently unseen for weeks and there are lengthy periods without a breath of stirring air. When this continues for ten days or more, as it does frequently, people give up their stifling beds and lie outside on benches or in the empty streets on packing boxes or bamboo mats: praying for a breeze.

Paper cannot be written upon without smudging the ink in the fetid air. Walking is a feat requiring major exertion. One continuously drips and with the dripping, all strength ebbs away. The only appropriate raiment is a cool, linen gown, such as Chinese gentlemen wear but, for most of us "foreigners" a pair of shorts, a cotton shirt, tennis shoes, and a Turkish towel had to suffice. Most importantly, the towel. Flies, mosquitoes, and fleas are in their glory. Cholera, dysentery, and malaria are the endemic result.[176]

The college spent this Yangtze summer in quite adverse circumstances; opening packing crates, removing and arranging books, holding classes wherever a wall or tree offered a bit of protection and privacy and, somehow, survived.

A section of the railroad to Kweilin was completed by the end of September.[177] Students,

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176 End of Manuscript page 74.

teachers, and equipment were loaded on the first departing train of flatcars. It was a hilarious start and a songful journey over what one student later described with some accuracy as the "rocking-chair railroad." When we arrived at a river that had not yet been bridged and beyond which the tracks had not yet been laid, the equipment was unloaded, covered with bamboo matting and canvas, and left with the physical education teacher as sole guard. The students and teachers crossed the river on rowboats. Some were then able to secure transportation over the newly completed bus highway while the others set out on an arduous four-day hike.

The college arrived in Kweilin in small groups. No one had died on the way, but one student succumbed shortly after our arrival. All required a long rest.

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177 1938.

But there was no time for rest. It was October 1st.[178] School had to be opened. A three-story brick building and four bamboo matsheds supplied our needs for classroom space. Trenches were immediately dug as bomb shelters. We had just begun our class work when Japanese planes appeared overhead. The dean of the school of science and I looked at one another in wonder. In Wuchang we had become accustomed to air raids of nine to fifteen planes. We hardly knew what to think when sixty or more planes appeared directly above us at one time. They[179] flew low, dropped their bombs in a straight line and, in a moment, the surrounding countryside looked as if a mythic reaper had traversed the fields and mischievous boys had scattered burning bits of cotton waste.

After the first raid we realized that our trenches were inadequate and that a direct hit on

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178 Id.

179 End of Manuscript page 75.

one of our buildings would result in the loss of all of our equipment. We buried our library in the trenches and carried critical equipment into nearby caves where students and faculty also fled at the first alert of a raid. I preferred the caves. Some of these were of limestone and quite large with the usual formations of stalactites and stalagmites. For the most part the caves were dry and afforded shelter for large numbers of people. Indeed, the largest of these often sheltered more than seven thousand.

After several bombings, I constructed a cave near the rear of the Anglican hospital that became my place of retreat. Two British women were responsible for the hospital. The raids targeting the hospital were frequent. As soon as the siren sounded, I would go to the hospital, take my place in line, carry the ill and wounded into the cave one after another and then wait for the bombs to drop.

Christmas week was a busy one. At noon on December 24[180], I was on my way to lunch and stopped at a neighbor's door at the moment the air raid siren sounded. "Borrowing" a pork chop from my neighbor's table, I ran for the hospital, devouring the chop as I ran. I put on additional speed because I knew there were at least three expectant mothers who had to be carried into the cave. When I returned to my house, the president of the college was sitting there and delivered the news that the kitchen of one of our dormitories had received a direct hit.[181]

All there was to be seen of the kitchen was a hole in the ground. We found the cook buried in the debris, with both legs broken. Thirty students who had run to the dugout, ten yards from the kitchen, were unhurt. One section of the dormitory had had its roof blown off. Nearby, twelve persons were in a

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180 1938.

181 End of Manuscript page 76.

similar dugout. Eleven of them were killed. One small girl escaped but all of her relatives were dead. For several months she was one of my "wards" in the hospital.

By Christmas time, Kweilin was a city of refugees. Large Matsheds had been built outside the city walls. Thousands of soldiers, wounded or ill, were crowded into them with very little medical supervision. A government orphanage was established. Hundreds of children from six to sixteen years of age were crowded together. Funds for feeding them were inadequate. The red tape required to obtain the cash necessary to purchase supplies was so complicated that prices had often doubled before the estimates had been approved and the funds returned. I had received some monies from America for refugee work. Following discussions with local missionaries, I bought a slaughtered hog and took it to the orphanage on Christmas morning. On this one day they had meat.

Orphans were coming into the place at such a rate that it was soon overcrowded. Many of them were probably not war orphans. The attitude of the local people toward them became first indifferent and then resentful. A bus, transporting a group of orphans across the river on a ferryboat, upset and twenty were drowned. The local view was "What were they among so many?" A truck driver found four small and very ill orphans in his crowded truck. He took them off the truck and laid them beside the road. Fortunately, one of the British women nurses of the Anglican hospital[182] found them as she returned from an outstation. She had no funds with which to support them. Money from home enabled me to "endow" one bed at the hospital for the four.

Christmas day was typical of life in the city at that time. Schools were closed for the day. There is no extended Christmas vacation in China schools. I

182 End of Manuscript page 77.

had offered my services as cook for the occasion. There was to be a party at noon in the Ladies Home. The first incident came when a Chinese servant told the mistress of the house that we were having "Me Yu Fa Tz Chiate" which means "nothing to be done about it coffee" referring to coffee prepared in the American fashion without boiling and using more coffee beans for one meal than was the local custom for a week's use. The servant added that he was not to be held responsible.

The second surprise came when I prepared to carve the goose. Grace had been said and I had put the fork into the goose and raised the carving knife for the first slice. All eyes were on the goose and mouths were watering with anticipation. And then: the air raid siren. We returned from the cave and our hospital duties at 4:30 p.m. to finish the meal. Hungry and tired, we did full justice to cold goose and cold coffee in a cold house since all fires had been extinguished at the first alert.

I had rented for myself and a Chinese family, a four-room, two story house. Both husband and wife were graduates of our college and the wife was a member of the college staff. I lived upstairs and the Chinese family lived on the ground floor. One of the jokes common to all of us sheltering in the caves was to listen to the explosions and then to say to someone: "that sounded like your house going up." One day after the last explosion but before the all-clear signal, a man came running to the mouth of the cave shouting,[183] "Mission House hit!" A column of smoke was rising from the direction of the Anglican Mission Women's School. A British woman teacher in the school ran through the debris all the way to the site with me following at a more cautious pace. When I got within sight of the school, I saw that it was intact but that my house, located across the street, was ablaze. The lean-to kitchen had burned away, and the flames were eating

183 End of Manuscript page 78.

through the second floor when I arrived. A bucket of water saved the floor temporarily as I ran upstairs, threw furniture out the windows, and returned to the street in time to see the house next door blazing at a great rate. These houses were a row of shops; basically, wooden shacks built on brick pillars. The flames from these houses were billowing into the front window of my house. Seeing a board lying near the burning buildings, I picked it up and used it as a lever in a crack between the brick pillar that supported an adjoining structure and my own brick house. Exerting force on the lever, the pillar toppled easily, toppling in turn the next five pillars moving away from my house until all six pillars and three burning frame structures lay flat.

Carrying the battered furniture and heavy trunks back upstairs was exhausting work made even more so by the fact that I had eaten nothing that day due to illness the day before. I was ready to

drop into a chair when a student summoned me. The fires in the city had swept around and engulfed our largest dormitory. I ran to help the students salvage what bedding and clothing could be carried out. The dormitory was located against the city wall making the only means of access through a hole cut in the roof. Salvaged items were passed up through the hole and then down the other side of the city wall; a structure some thirty feet in height. The height of the dormitory was[184] several feet less. The salvage work took us well into the night. A stiff, cold wind made the work very unpleasant. The students' only shelter that night was one of the bamboo matsheds used for classroom purposes.

The next day, an incendiary bomb fell into the Women's School compound but did not detonate. I ran in and found the bomb in a bamboo thicket where I was able to salvage most of the parts and reconstruct it for our physics department. The

184 End of Manuscript page 79.

same day another bomb fell within forty feet of my house, shattering nearly all of the windows and blowing off about one-third of the roof. My furniture was somewhat the worse for wear and blue denim took the place of glass in the windows. A third bomb a week later rendered my house uninhabitable. Two of the houses that we had rented as dormitories were completely destroyed and several faculty residences were reduced to craters. Many students were severely ill. Raids increased in frequency and intensity and dugout shelters were of little value.

On the Christian and Missionary Alliance church compound, the Chinese pastor had dug a large underground room, well-constructed and covered with about fifteen feet of earth. He gathered his church officials around him in this sanctuary and a direct strike killed the entire group. It took three days of digging under the

direction of one of our teachers to locate the bodies and fragments sufficient for a hasty funeral.

Under these circumstances we still believed that the Japanese would be unable to take the city, but college work had become impossible, and we began to plan another move. But where and how?

One day, soon after the second bomb hit my house, I was cleaning up debris when a young policeman, who prided himself on his ability to speak a little English, arrived[185] on a bicycle in great excitement and told me that my young son was at the city gate where the police were holding him pending my identification. I went with him at once. On the way the policeman's bicycle chain slipped its sprocket. I stooped to put it back on, someone swatted me across the shoulders and, looking around, I saw my son[186], six feet tall and

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185 End of Manuscript page 80.

186 Edouard Taylor.

large as life, whom I had left in college in America two years earlier. He carried a laden German rucksack on his back and his chin revealed an incipient beard. He had completed college before his twentieth birthday and had then persuaded the mission board to send him out to work with me. As it happened, he was a prize to the college group. His arrival clinched our decision to move the college again as soon as possible. The conceptual location was somewhere along the Burma Road. A committee was formed and sent out to find a suitable place.

One of the worst blows to befall us in Kweilin came shortly before we left when the Baptist Hospital, located near our recitation buildings, burned. This hospital cared for our faculty and students. While the upper two floors of the building were ablaze, several of us accompanied the missionary doctor into the office where the more valuable instruments were kept, to save what we

could. On one side of the hospital was a crater some thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep. Human body parts lay scattered about. The excitement of such moments causes peculiar reactions. I was so intent on saving the medical instruments that I realized only later that I had used a washbasin to dig a trench in which to bury them[187] (in a large instrument case) between the burning hospital and an adjacent burning matshed.

No one should believe that the college and mission work, even during this period of the conflict, was carried on under the breath of hysteria. Normal[188] social functions, church socials, class picnics, afternoon teas; even hikes into the countryside, were carried out as enjoyable relaxations. I will not soon forget the picnic on a particularly mild Saturday afternoon in the late fall. A British family had arrived a few weeks earlier

187 The reference is not clear but appears to refer to the human body parts.

188 End of Manuscript page 81.

and we were determined to show them a good time. I carried a charcoal stove and the makings of real, old-fashioned pancakes. We climbed a small hill to a cave in the rocks. The scenery was lovely. Since the picnic meal was to be served at four o'clock, the traditional and revered hour for an English tea, the newly arrived lady was so shocked by the pancakes and coffee she could barely avoid expressing her state of mind. But you should have seen those pancakes and sausages disappear!

Never have I seen people so undefeatable as the native citizens of Kweilin. They were small of stature, never voluble or boisterous, but as soon as the bombers had passed and the "all-clear" had sounded, all able-bodied men and women were out fighting fires. Before the fires had died down or the bricks had cooled, men, women, and children were busy salvaging bricks and timbers, retrieving mud from the riverbank, and rebuilding their homes with a cleaver as their only tool. This same cleaver,

or some modification of it, was used to peel potatoes, chop wood, lay bricks, and perform all of the other functions required in a civilization where iron and steel are in short supply. Our students too worked night and day, fighting fires, rescuing the injured, as well as doing their classwork. The physical education director had little to do of a programmatic nature and had to compel students to engage in sports and games.

The local officials and police kept strict check on each person's movements. We were in a southern province where the[189] leaders had sworn allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek but, among the people, there were plenty of Wang Chin-wei[190]

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189 End of Manuscript page 82.

190 Wang Jingwei (4 May 1883 – 10 November 1944) was a Chinese politician and a close associate of Sun Yat-sen for the last twenty years of Sun's life. After Sun's death Wang engaged in a political struggle with Chiang Kai-shek for control over the Kuomintang, but lost. Wang remained inside the Kuomintang, but continued to have disagreements with Chiang until Japan invaded China in 1937, after which he accepted

sympathizers. Traitors were apprehended in large numbers. Soon after we arrived in Kweilin, one of our laboratory assistants was caught making a street diagram. He was a young Chinese from the north and merely wanted a street map for his own use until he knew his way about. He disappeared and we heard unconfirmed rumors from time to time that he had been executed. It took us six months, but we were finally able to effect his release by posting bail.

Another episode that might have proved serious was caused by a white shirt. One of our young American teachers, who had been born in China and should have known better, climbed a

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an invitation from the Japanese Empire to form a Japanese-supported collaborationist government in Nanjing. Wang served as the head of state for this Japanese puppet government until he died, shortly before the end of World War II. His collaboration with the Japanese has often been considered treason against China. His name in both Mainland China and Taiwan is now a term used to refer to traitors, similar to "Benedict Arnold" for Americans.

rather high peak near the city and reached its summit just as the air-raid siren sounded. Since it was a warm day, he had removed his coat revealing a white shirt. He was apprehended as a traitor and even though he was able to obtain his own release, it caused fear among the foreign residents.

The committee which had been sent to Kunming to try to find a location for the college out of the reach of the Japanese, reported that a small village, twenty miles north of the Burma Road, on Ear Lake,[191] 258 miles west of Kunming, had been selected. Arrangements for travel had now to be made. A young American clergyman and my son Edouard had been sent to Hong Kong in mid-November to purchase two trucks. The trip to Hong

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191 Erhai Lake (or Er Lake) is an alpine fault lake in Yunnan Province, China. Its name means, "sea shaped like an ear". Er Lake, at a surface area of nearly one hundred square miles, a storage capacity of two million acre-feet, and located at 6,470 feet above sea level, is the second largest highland lake in China (after Dianchi Lake located on the Yunnan-Guizhou Plateau close to Kunming).

Kong, the construction of truck bodies to be mounted on chasses, transportation by ship to Haiphong[192], difficulties with customs in Indochina[193], and the drive back to Kweilin through Nanning[194]; required six weeks. During this time, I was sent to Hanoi[195] to have a third truck prepared. I procured

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192 A significant port city in Vietnam.

193 Indochina is the former name of a region of Southeast Asia, which dates from the period when it was a colony of France under the full name of French Indochina lying roughly southwest of China, and east of India. Despite the origin of the name, most of the peoples of Indochina are neither Indian nor Chinese. French Indochina was a federation of French colonies and protectorates, that France named Cochinchina, Tonkin, Annam, Laos and Cambodia. France had an imperial presence in the region between 1884 and 1954. After the Fall of France during World War II, the colony was administered by Vichy France and was under Japanese supervision until a brief period of full Japanese control between March and August 1945. Beginning in May 1941, the Viet Minh, a communist army led by Ho Chi Minh, began a revolt against French rule known as the First Indochina War.

194 Capital of the Guangxi Zhuang Autonomous Region in southern China.

195 Then capital of Indochina, now of unified Vietnam.

a larger chassis and[196] supervised the construction of a bus body on it. We were prepared for the evacuation.

Having the bus built was interesting. I had envisioned French efficiency in Indochina. Instead, I found that each piece of lumber to be used in the construction of the twenty-six-passenger vehicle was sawn and planed by hand and each piece of sheet metal was hammered into shape with wooden mallets and steel hammers.

While waiting for the bus to be completed, it was necessary to remain constantly at the job site to prevent workers from being shifted to other projects. However, a missionary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the only Protestant mission in Indochina, persuaded me to travel with him to his home in Tourane.[197] We drove south in

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196 End of Manuscript page 83.

197 Now known as Da Nang, one of the major port cities in Vietnam and the largest city on the country's

his car, a two-day journey. I remained with him for a day, and on the evening of the day I spent there; we went to the beach for supper and to cool off. As I sat there on the beach, the full moon rose above the palm-fringed shore. A sense of peace flooded over me, the like of which I had experienced only once before at Kamakura.[198] The occasion this time was the rise of the full moon. I almost cried aloud, "A full moon and there is no need to dread the approach of a flight of bombers."

Back again in Kweilin, I became a bus driver, and a new phase of our trek began. The distance from Kweilin to the Indochina border is about

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south-central coast of the South China Sea. During the Vietnam War (1957-1975), Da Nang Air Base was the most northerly air base in the Republic of Vietnam and a major station for United States' forces of all four services. During the punitive Cochinchina Campaign by the Spanish and French against the Vietnamese, the Siege of Tourane (September 1858 to March 1860) represented a significant Vietnamese victory.

198 Involving the Great Buddha of Kamakura.

seven hundred miles. The transportation problems were complicated by the obstruction of both French and Chinese officials on either side of the border. We were not accustomed to the bribery practices in vogue among the Tonkinese[199] petty officials on the French side. It took us nine days to make the first trip to[200] Hanoi.[201] At the border we were not permitted to take our trucks back into Indochina. We hired buses for the remainder of the journey. When we arrived in Hanoi at 3:00 A.M., we were "dumped" on a sidewalk in a literal den of thieves. We were not permitted even to stop at the bus station due to some local regulation. Four expectant mothers were in this first party. We sat on our

199 The people of an historical region of Southeast Asia on the Gulf of Tonkin, an arm of the South China Sea, now forming most of northern Vietnam. It was part of French Indochina from 1887 to 1946.

200 End of Manuscript page 84.

201 Hanoi served as the capital of French Indochina from 1902 to 1954. From 1954 to 1976, it was the capital of North Viet Nam and it became the capital of a reunified Vietnam in 1976 after the North's victory in the Vietnam War.

baggage until daylight. No hotel would take us in. Thieves tried various stratagems to gain access to our baggage. One teacher walked away for half a block just to stretch his legs and had his glasses stolen from his nose. On the return trip, my son stopped for refueling at a filling station on the border and was relieved of the Chinese currency he was carrying in his jacket.

My impression of French administration in Indochina was not positive from the outset and did not improve during our stay. I was particularly disturbed on learning from one educational official that the primary purpose of the administration was to exploit the country's resources for the benefit of France.

Chapter VI

Over The Burma Road

In the city of Kunming, a merchant, a Chinese named Ch'in, had invited the college committee to tea. He was the son of an elderly gentleman living in a small village of Ming Chia[202] tribes' people on Er Hai (Ear Lake), twenty miles north of the Burma Road at a point 258 miles west of Kunming. The old gentleman was the head of a large firm, of which the Kunming house was a branch. Other branches were in Shanghai, Burma, and other countries. The ancestral home was in the little village of Hsichow[203] where the old gentleman had lived in retirement.

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202 The reference is not completely clear but may refer to a school (the "School of Names") of ancient Chinese philosophy of the fifth to second centuries B.C. that logically analyzed the relationship between the name and essence of a thing. Its leading representatives were Kung-sun Lung and Hui Shih.

203 The materials maintained by the Yale Divinity School in the Huachung University Series identify Hsichow (also Xizhou) as a small town in Yunnan Province and the home of many wealthy families. Permanent Resource Link *https://hdl.handle.net/10079/digcoll/4836638.*

He was ambitious for his native village and was philanthropically minded; having already given a hospital and a library building to the village. He now saw, with our arrival, an opportunity to locate a college in the village as well.

He promised our committee the use of certain village temples and private residences and persuaded the village elders to cooperate with him in these plans. The college committee accepted the proposal. They considered the village to be sufficiently insignificant and the buildings sufficiently unremarkable to avoid the notice of Japanese air forces. Moreover, while the village was close to the Burma Road; thereby making flight to Burma possible, Kunming was not located on the road itself and therefore was thought unlikely to suffer during a Japanese invasion of the area to the degree of other more accessible villages.

The first part of our transportation problem was to get our personnel to Indochina. Each person was permitted to take one hundred pounds of baggage. We loaded our three trucks and started off through Nanning to the Indochina border. Two Dodge automobiles and a Studebaker; two preachers and the son of a preacher, were to become almost inseparable for the next nineteen months.

Each week we made a round trip, carrying approximately seventy persons to the border, and bringing back full loads of gasoline. Traffic was very heavy. The roads had been recently built but were incomplete and lacked bridges at rivers and large stream crossings.[204] These crossings were time consuming. Once successfully forded, the most sensible tactic was to drive as rapidly as possible, passing the maximum number of other vehicles, so as to arrive near the head of the line at the next

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204 End of Manuscript page 85a.

stream. Nevertheless, the wait to cross ranged from a mere three hours to as much as thirty hours.

The lack of stone surfacing soon left the newly constructed roads full of potholes. Drivers and passengers alike were required to hold on for their lives at any speed above twenty miles per hour. In clear weather, the dust made the road ahead invisible much of the time. In rain the vehicles plowed and slipped through mud. When one of our trucks stalled or stuck, one of the others pulled it out with a cable.

The mountains in this area were not high but the engineering and grading of the roads were poor. Culverts designed to redirect mountain torrents had not been completed. While the road was generally wide enough for two trucks to pass, at stream crossings temporary, wooden structures had been erected that were just wider than a truck wheelbase and required perfect alignment of the

truck wheels with the two parallel planks that made up the travel surface. There was no prior warning that such structures were ahead and no guardrails. If, as a result of limited visibility or fatigue, a driver came upon such a crossing unexpectedly, he would find the rear of the truck in the air and the front in the stream. Such accidents were frequent.

The alternative method of crossing larger rivers by means of improvised ferries was also quite thrilling. Rowboats or empty fifty-gallon barrels were lashed together for flotation and a wooden plank platform constructed on top. Arrived at a stream, when your turn came you drove over planks laid down to the riverbank and onto the float; some of which were only wide enough for one truck; others for two to four. The float then had to be balanced before a start was made. Often, in shifting[205] trucks to achieve the needed balance,

205 End of Manuscript page 85b.

errors were made. At other times, imbalance would be evident in midstream. It was not unusual to lose several trucks overboard. If the water was sufficiently shallow, they might be salvaged. More typically, however, such accidents occurred in water twenty to forty feet in depth, the trucks were lost and those travelers within them or riding on top of the load were drowned. Several of our students, although not while riding in our trucks, were lost in this way.

When a large group of students and faculty were assembled in Hanoi, several cars on the train from Hanoi to Kunming were filled and, under the leadership of one of the teachers, the group arrived at our headquarters there. The railroad between Indochina and Kunming was constructed and operated by the French. It was a meter-gauge railroad that climbed very high mountains and ran through many tunnels. It was the only railroad of any kind between Yunnan and Indochina. Later, the

tactical destruction of these tunnels by blasting prevented the Japanese from entering Yunnan.[206]

Our headquarters in Kunming were located in a Buddhist temple and its grounds. As soon as the first of our group arrived, bedding was spread on the stone floors, classes were assembled in the larger worship rooms before the idols, meals were cooked on improvised stoves of brick and, for all intents and purposes, college was in session.

When we three trucksters had delivered the last load of students to Indochina, a greater transportation problem began. Equipment could not be transported through Indochina. The Chinese government was building roads as rapidly as it

206 The Yunnan-Haiphong railway was a 531-mile railway constructed by the French between 1904 and 1910 connecting Haiphong, Vietnam with Kunming, Yunnan Province, China. Today, this railway is the only one within China to use the meter gauge track. Before the railway was built, the standard travel time from Haiphong (the closest sea port to most of Yunnan) to Kunming was reckoned by the Western authorities to be 28 days: 16 days by steamer and then a small boat up Red River (425 miles), and then 12 days overland (194 miles).[

could to transport defenders to the front. One of these roads branched off from our route to Indochina, climbed the mountains to Kweiyang, capital of Kweichow Province, and then wound south, over another series of mountains, by means of many hairpin turns to Kunming.[207]

It took more than two weeks for us to transport our first load of equipment over this route. Often, we drove fourteen hours per day in order to reach an inhabited, comparatively safe location to rest or spend the night. We were compelled to carry all of our fuel with us, which considerably reduced the amount of equipment we could transport. Our trucks were built to carry a load of two and one-half tons, but we seldom began a trip with a load of less than four tons.

When we arrived in Kweiyang, we found that the Japanese bombers had preceded us, and the city

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207 End of Manuscript page 85c.

was still in flames. Rubble clogged the streets. We parked in an open lot outside the city and made our way to such quarters as could be found for the night. Most of us camped in or under our trucks. Yale-in-China Medical College, which had made an alliance with medical agencies of the Chinese government, had recently established a branch in Kweiyang. Speaking with local residents, I learned that the wife of a Chinese pastor of my acquaintance had taken refuge in Kweiyang in a building destroyed by recent bombing. She was now living in a small village several miles outside the city. I went to see her.

The pastor's wife, a person of excellent character who had married a Christian preacher against the wishes of her family (and was disowned in traditional Oriental fashion), was the mother of ten children. One of the older sons was a physician. Another was then in America working for a doctoral degree. She spent her years doing her duty

to her husband and rearing their family. However, no one would have thought of her as having missionary zeal.

In the dusk of the evening, I found the pastor's wife and two small children installed in the courtyard of a village farmhouse. On her arrival, there was no place for her in the already crowded living quarters; but such is the hospitality of the Chinese farmer class that space had to be made available and the relocation of cows from a stall within the house allowed the lady to move in. When I saw her[208] I was struck that she had undergone the refining process when deep suffering brings greater insight into the values of life. In the course of our discussion, I learned that she had become a Christian missionary. She had been cast into a community with none too high standards of value, from a Christian's point of view. Having lived all of her adult life in mission compounds, she had taken

208 End of Manuscript page 85d.

many things for granted. The local people, however, saw in her something different. They asked her about it. She realized what it was and tried to explain. In that way she became truly zealous in her profession as the wife of a clergyman.

I was to see more of this kind of thing as I passed in and out of refugee shelters and wartime communities over the next two years. I came to the conclusion, finally, that the effect of the Japanese bombing on the habited areas of China was analogous to the effect of a bomb dropped on an open field.

A bomb dropped on an open field creates a crater about thirty feet wide and twenty feet deep. Soil and rocks fly in all directions. In the displaced soil are seeds and plant roots of many varieties. When the effect of the initial concussion has abated, the seeds and plant fragments settle wherever the winds and the force of the blast have carried them.

In the proper season, the sun and rain cause the seeds and plants to take root, to grow, and to flower- each according to its kind.[209]

In the same way, the bombing of habited areas causes the scattering of people in all directions where fear and the stream of other refugees carry them. But eventually they each settle down, create new homes, take root as it were, and blossom in their new community- each according to his or her kind. In these new environs, almost always more primitive and demanding than those they left, some of these newcomers stand out like a rose blossoming in the desert. For the first time many realize their responsibilities and the value of community; both that from which they came and that to which they have come.[210]

This new missionary attitude among the Chinese people did not originate suddenly as a

209 Genesis 7:14.

210 End of Manuscript page 85e.

consequence of the war but the war accentuated and accelerated it.

On a trip through the less populated districts of Yunnan, I met a Chinese gentleman who spoke perfect English; much better English than mine. He greeted me as I passed him on the street. When I inquired who he was and what he was doing (a polite inquiry), he told me the following: "I am a Christian minister, born in Trinidad.[211] While still in school I became convinced that I should do mission or social reconstruction work of some kind among my people in China. After I graduated, my brother, who is also a minister, agreed to help support me until I was capable of supporting myself."

"I arrived in China just before the onset of the war with Japan. In Peking I met a young Chinese

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211 The larger and more populous of the two islands that make up the nation of Trinidad and Tobago; the southernmost island in the Caribbean located less than seven miles from the northeast coast of Venezuela.

woman at a church gathering and was very much attracted to her. Apparently, the feelings were reciprocal and we were married and are now working together to spread the Gospel in this remote part of China. My wife had just graduated from Peking Union Medical College when we first met and now, she has established a medical practice in the city of Tali[212] where she also cares for our two children and earns the money we need so that I can spend my time preaching in the villages."[213]

Late one afternoon we arrived in Kunming after safely negotiating the eighteen hairpin turns descending the mountain between Kweiyang and Kunming.[214] At several points I had to negotiate the

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212 Former capital of the Bai Kingdom. Now "Dali", the seat of the Dali Bai Autonomous Prefecture, northwestern Yunnan province of Southwest China.

213 End of Manuscript page 85f.

214 A photograph follows of "the 24 Bends" (25.821725°N, 105.202600°E), a section of the road from Kunming, Yunnan Province, China over which supplies in the 1920's had to be carried to the Burma Road.

turns in a series of maneuvers involving backing my bus repeatedly. At one point the hairpin turns were less than two bus lengths apart; a dangerous situation we had no knowledge of until we reached

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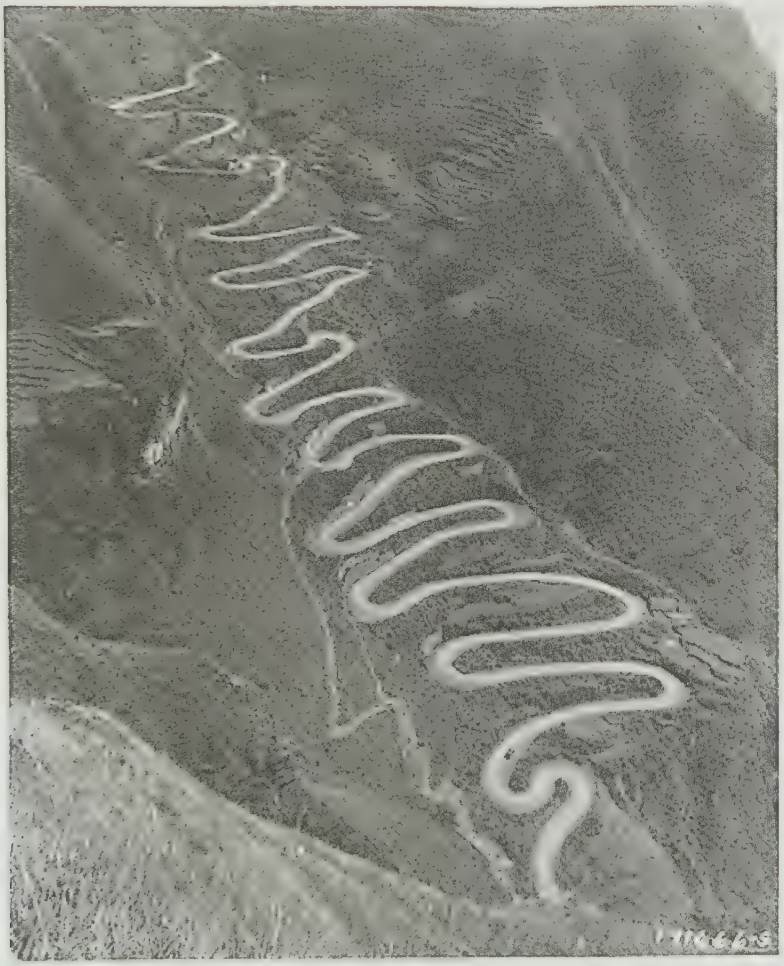

it. We drivers were shaking with nervousness when we reached the level stretch at the base of the mountain. After repeated experiences with this road, driving it became a routine matter for my son. Many were the tales of banditry and wrecks when our paths crossed in Kunming. On one occasion he drove a Red Cross truck from Kweiyang. The mountain highway was clear. When he returned twenty-four hours later, he counted the wrecks of forty trucks on and off the road.

Such wrecks, I was soon to learn, were all too common on the Burma Road, a direct result of the high price of gas in Kunming, Kweiyang, and Chungking due to the absence of any remaining refining capacity available to the Chinese. For this reason, many truck drivers, mostly young Chinese men from Singapore or Malaysia given only a few days' training, discovered that they could supplement their meager pay by conserving gasoline on the trip and selling it on the black

market at their destination. They did so by disengaging the clutch or even turning off the engine and coasting down the treacherous mountain road. Unfamiliarity with the road, brake overheating, and excessive speed all contributed to the loss of an average of forty or more trucks each day and, of course, most of their drivers.

In Kunming, after we had recovered ourselves a bit, we learned of a new division of the work. For the first trip, all three of our trucks would traverse the Burma Road to Hsia Kwan[215], at the mouth of Er Hai.[216] On the return, we would carry tea for Mr. Chen, our benefactor. The College personnel and equipment[217] would be unloaded at Hsia Kwan, put on sailboats, and sent up the lake. As soon as they arrived, classes should begin in the section of the school located in the temple at

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215 A harbor town in Nanking, China.

216 Ear Lake.

217 End of Manuscript page 85g.

Kunming until everyone could be transported, with baggage and equipment, to Hsia Kwan and the classes at Hsichow. The two younger men were to return to Kweilin while I shuttled between Kunming and Hsia Kwan.

On one of my last shuttle trips, I met Gertrude at the station in Kunming, along with her trunk. When I told her about the trip over the mountains and how goods were transported from there, she said, "But how will they ever handle my trunk? I have had no end of trouble with it. In Indochina it took six men to carry it from the ship to the train."

When we arrived in Hsia Kwan, there was a fine drizzle. Gertrude stood at the rear of the truck worrying about her trunk, which was the last piece of baggage to come off. When it finally stood on the end gate, an argument arose among the coolies. I next saw them playing the game of "fingers" or "paper, rock, scissors", which is their method for

casting lots. When the lots had been cast and the issue decided, the winner was a sixteen-year-old girl, standing about four and one-half feet tall and weighing about one hundred ten pounds. She encircled the trunk with a woven bamboo band, fixed one end of the band over her head and across her forehead, bent her back, and walked off with the three-hundred-pound trunk resting on her hips. Gertrude stood there with her mouth open, not able to believe what she was witnessing.[218]

The first day of the trip over the eastern end of the Burma Road crosses three mountain ranges. By 7:00 A.M., the trucks were loaded for our first trip. By 8:00 A.M. we were on the road experiencing rumbling, shaking, and thick dust. Small children and infants necessitated frequent stops. We could seldom drive more than two hours at a maximum speed of twenty-five miles per hour, without at least one stop. We also found that trucks built for

218 End of Manuscript page 85h.

American highways did not do well on pot-holed dirt roads built at hazardous angles on steep mountainsides at elevations ranging over a mile or two from two thousand to nine thousand feet[219] above sea level. We were informed that the average lifespan of an American truck on the Burma Road was about fourteen thousand miles.

Broken leaf springs were our most frequent problem. We soon learned to remove the assembly, replace the broken blade, set it up again without the use of a vice, and reinstall the assembly in the truck; all in about one hour. We carried two extra front assemblies and an assortment of extra leaves and other components. Each time a spring broke, we filed a notch on the steering wheel. By the end of the trek the steering wheels were so well notched as to be slip proof, even with perspiring hands.

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219 End of Manuscript page 85i.

But I have gotten ahead of myself. On this first day we were not so experienced, and it is no surprise that we made less than half of the planned 258 miles and arrived at Tsu Yung[220] at dusk where, as was often the case, we had no idea where we would spend the night. As we descended the mountain that evening, we saw the grey walls of a city across a plain a dozen or so miles ahead of us. We all felt relieved and some even shouted their joy. The Tsu Yung plain is one of the few level stretches of country along the entire length of the Burma Road. After many treacherous near disasters in the mountains, the level country and approaching city were a welcome sight.

At the city gates there are typically double walls. Here the opening through the outer and inner walls was just sufficiently wide for trucks. We stopped in an open space between the two walls

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220 Also, Tsuyung. A town in the far southwest of Yunnan Province, China.

and were immediately surrounded by a crowd. The Burma Road had been completed for less than two years and the presence of such a crowd including so many foreigners was a strange sight to the mile square city's inhabitants.[221] We asked where we could spend the night and were told that the inns were filled with soldiers and food was scarce and very expensive. However, a stranger informed us, we might find space for our bedding rolls at the kindergarten. It was impossible to drive through the narrow streets choked with obstacles of various kinds. Several of us walked the seven blocks to what was to be, for me during the next several months, an oasis in an otherwise dirty and tough desert existence.

We knocked at the compound gate and were admitted by an aged Chinese man who was hardly able to walk. Before us spread a well-kept lawn beyond which was a wall set with a moon gate.[222]

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221 End of Manuscript page 86.

Beyond the moon gate were what appeared to be red-pillared, old style temple buildings. Through the moon gate and across the beautiful lawn came one of the most impressive figures I have ever met. She was an elderly woman of medium height, thin and emaciated. She had only one eye and dressed in poor quality Chinese clothing. But none of this mattered. The smile on her face and the welcome in the hand she held out to me, have not been equaled in my experience. I told her our problems and needs and, just that quickly; we were "at home."

Cornelia Morgan[223] is the daughter of that Senator Morgan of Missouri who opposed our

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222 A Moon Gate is a circular opening in a garden wall that acts as a pedestrian passageway, and a traditional architectural element in Chinese gardens. The purpose of these gates is to serve as a very inviting entrance into gardens of the rich upper class in China. The gates were originally only found in the gardens of wealthy Chinese nobles.

223 Also, a correspondent of Pearl S. Buck who offered her a job as an assistant. See the text below and *Pearl Buck in China: Journey to The Good Earth* by Hillary Spurling, (Simon & Schuster, N.Y., N.Y. 2010), pg. 83.

Theodore Roosevelt in his Panama Canal project.[224] A young woman, Cornelia was fired with religious idealism and a desire for adventure. The names "Yunnan" and "Tali" had, for her, a boundless fascination. Having completed her schooling, she applied to the China Inland Mission[225] seeking an

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The mission work of Cornelia Morgan is highlighted in Volume 8 of *Peaks of Faith: Protestant mission in revolutionary China* by T'en Ju-K'ang (ISSN 0924-9389) 1992, pg. 136.

224 John Tyler Morgan (June 20, 1824 – June 11, 1907) was a general in the Confederate States' Army during the American Civil War, and a six-term U.S. senator from the state of Alabama after the war. He strongly preferred and rallied considerable congressional support for the proposed canal route through Nicaragua, which had been funded by banker J. P. Morgan and, absent the assassination on September 6, 1901, of President William McKinley, the Nicaragua canal would almost certainly have been constructed.

225 The non-sectarian China Inland Mission was founded on principles of faith and prayer. From the beginning it recruited missionaries from the working class as well as single women, which was a new practice for a large agency. Even today, complete reliance is placed on God and no appeals for funds are made. Now known as OMF International (formerly Overseas Missionary Fellowship and before 1964 the China Inland Mission) the organization is an

assignment in Yunnan and, particularly, Tali. She was told that missionaries in her organization go where they are sent. After several false starts, she set[226] out from Kunming for Tali. There was no highway in those days. Only the trail made in the time of Marco Polo[227] connected the two cities. The trail crosses both mountains and ravines and bandits were plentiful. Inns along the route were the merest shacks. But this brave young woman mounted a horse and began her journey. After the usual adventures and misadventures, Cornelia came down the mountainside at about the point where we first viewed the plain and city of Tsu Yung. She immediately rejoiced because she knew her journey to Tali was now nearly half completed. She did not cross the plain that day but waited until

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interdenominational Protestant Christian missionary society, founded in Britain by Hudson Taylor on 25 June 1865.

226 End of Manuscript Page 87.

227 Italian merchant and traveler/explorer c.1254 – January 8-9, 1324.

the next morning; starting before dawn. She reached the narrow city gate at about 4:00 P.M., entered the area between the walls and, at that moment, her horse lay down and died. She has been in Tsu Yung ever since; a mere thirty some years.

Cornelia Morgan took her call to Tsu Yung to be confirmed when, walking through the city the next day, she found poverty, misery, and distress to a degree she could hardly imagine but of kinds she believed she could help alleviate. In any event, she could go no further. She searched for a place to stay and to begin her mission work. No one would rent a building to her of any kind. Then she heard of a house where murders and other evil deeds had occurred and was, therefore, understood to be haunted. A local official escorted her to the house because he thought her entry would be the end of her and a benefit to the city. She agreed to enter because it was vacant and available. It took some

years of negotiations but, in the end, Cornelia became lawfully entitled to occupy the property.

There she took in and adopted street waifs and began her true ministry. During battles between warlords, she became the city's doctor and nurse. While nursing one group of wounded soldiers lying scattered within her small compound, her eye became infected. The pain was dreadful, and she lost the sight[228] of that eye but continued with all of her nursing duties. It was many months later when she was first able to make the long journey to Kunming and from there via Hanoi to Shanghai to have the diseased eye removed.

Meanwhile, Cornelia found that the China Inland Mission maintained its policy and would not support her in Tsu Yung. She was on her own. Friends from home sent some financial support and her mission flourished. While in the hospital in

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228 End of Manuscript page 89.

Shanghai, Cornelia had met the daughter of a Chinese pastor working as a teacher in a fashionable girls' school. The brother of the pastor's daughter was a prominent figure in the Christian Literature Society[229] So persuasive was Cornelia that the Chinese girl left her home and lucrative teaching position (as well as the metropolis of Shanghai) to live in a backwoods town and district that were little more than legends to the educated Chinese of the coast. Two young American women also learned of the need, heeded Cornelia's entreaties, and came to work in Tsu Yung.

When I first met Miss Morgan, I was struck with the degree of organization she brought to her work. Each of the two American women lived in separate outstations, between forty and fifty miles from the city, consisting of mud shacks in backwards villages. The Chinese girl from Shanghai

229 Organized in Scotland in 1877, the Christian Literature Society for China continues its work today supported by many Protestant denominations.

supervised the kindergarten. Several Chinese pastors were successfully carrying on their pastoral duties. Each person in Cornelia Morgan's organization was receiving fifteen Chinese dollars per month; the amount she herself lived on. The local people multiplied these funds by charging ten percent of the normal price for needed goods. This is not to say, however, that their resources were sufficient. Cornelia was extremely emaciated and suffered from a constant cough I believe to have been tuberculosis although no formal diagnosis was possible. However, during the following years, as I came to know her better, I learned that in Cornelia burned a fire that glowed in[230] her remaining eye and could not be dimmed by any physical affliction.

At her hospitable door, which was open to all, I met some of the finest human beings; not all Christians, but willing to support Cornelia's mission spiritually and selflessly. One man I will call "Bill"

230 End of Manuscript page 89.

sat daily at her feet and another was the grandson of a former United States' President.[231]

Bill was a pilot at the air-cadet training school then located in Tsu Yung; a six-foot-three young American living in a reconstructed temple about one-half mile from the mission compound. He was one of Colonel Chennault's[232] right-hand men and both trusted and fearless. His one connection with civilian, "home-like" life was the kindergarten. Later he became one of the famous "flying tigers" and a high-ranking officer in the United States' Air

231 The reference is unclear.

232 Lieutenant General Claire Lee Chennault (September 6, 1893 – July 27, 1958), was an American military aviator. A contentious officer, he was a fierce advocate of "pursuit" or fighter-interceptor aircraft during the 1930s when the U.S. Army Air Corps was focused primarily on high-altitude bombardment. Chennault retired in 1937, went to work as an aviation trainer and adviser in China, and commanded the "Flying Tigers" during World War II, both the volunteer group and the uniformed units that replaced it in 1942. In the summer of 1938 Chennault went to Kunming, the capital of Yunnan Province in Western China, to train a new Chinese Air Force in an American mold.

force in China. But Bill and I could sit for hours, just letting the spirit of the ascetic woman Cornelia seep into our souls.

One day, in her little marble floored living room, Cornelia told us tales from the early days. Then our talk veered to the things which had been written about China and, inevitably, to *The Good Earth* and Pearl Buck. She said to us, "Wait a minute", went into her bedroom and returned with a letter, written by Pearl Buck in her college days in America, asking Cornelia whether she would consider taking her on as an assistant.

In my driving back and forth over this section of the Burma Road, I had the rare privilege of spending one night during each trip in Cornelia Morgan's compound. Soon there was "Dr. Taylor's chair" in the living room and "Dr. Taylor's bed" in one of the classrooms. After my first visit, the

privileges of the kitchen were mine. That is truly an honor!

Whenever I brought a bus[233] load of people, the first necessary procedure was dividing them into men, women, and families. Then hot water had to be supplied for washing and tea. Next came food. After ten or more hours behind the wheel, in fair weather or foul and especially the latter when the mountain roads were particularly hazardous, preparing a Chinese meal for thirty or forty people was real relaxation.

Our first trip out from Tsu Yung brought us to a small eating-house at about 11:00 A.M. Since we had had no breakfast and there was no other eating-place within the next five or six hours of driving over very difficult mountain roads, we stopped to eat. The structure was newly built and barn-like; wooden and two stories. Upstairs was

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233 End of Manuscript Page 90.

intended for sleeping space. The dining room was mud floored. A small, detached mud hut located across the truck parking lot (which moments earlier had been the barnyard) served as the kitchen. The air and every surface were black with flies and the food, once served, was nearly inedible.

On the return trip, I investigated this kitchen and its staff, politely asked for the privilege to cook my own food, and found that it was such a novelty to have a foreigner able to cook a Chinese meal that the main cook and his helpers stood back to watch the fun. Thereafter, whenever I showed up, the kitchen was mine as soon as any waiting customers had been served. My experience in this kitchen made me aware that it might be repeated elsewhere. All along the Burma Road, in the months that followed, I had kitchen privileges wherever I chose to stop for a meal. Let no one think, however, that the cost of our food was any less because I did the cooking.[234]

234 End of Manuscript page 91. The next two pages of the Manuscript, having to do with sanitation (or, more accurately, the lack of it) were apparently too truthful for a squeamish later editor whom I believe to be the Chairman of the Board of Missions under whom the author served while in China. These pages have been entirely interlineated and could not be recovered.

Chapter VII

Hsichow-

Isle of Happiness

The place of refuge was reached at last; a haven from the Japanese bombs. A truly out-of-the-way place. Hsichow was a village of about three thousand persons, lying on the western shore of Er Hai twenty miles from the Burma Road town of Hsiakwen; a village about one mile square and surrounded by an eighteen-foot-high perimeter wall.[235] Some ninety percent of the population are members of the Ming Chua tribe.[236] Their origin is

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235 32° 05' 00" N; 118° 43' 00" E; the busiest town on the major trade route from Yunnan to Burma. It is one of the largest commercial cities in the province, lying at the foot of the most magnificent mountain range in Yunnan, and by the side of the region's most famous lake.

236 One of the fifty-six ethnic groups recognized by Chinese authorities and known since 1956 as the Bai Nationality. Of the approximately two million Bai people, about eighty percent now live in the Dali Bai Autonomous Prefecture in Yunnan Province speaking the Bai language, which is related to the languages of the Tibetan people. The Bai are known for their superb architectural knowledge represented by the sixteen-story Chong sheng Temple in Dali, now standing for more than a millennium. Buddhism is

obscured by time and myth. The most probable story is that the younger brother of an early Chinese emperor led a military expedition into the Tali Kingdom to free its people from rule by an Indian prince. However, during the expedition, the Chinese emperor was deposed, and the younger brother and his troops dared not return; instead becoming over time completely assimilated into the local tribes. The most common family name is Yang.

The streets are narrow (seven to nine feet) and paved with cobble stones. To the west of the village lies a seven-thousand-foot mountain range, between the base of which and the lake the village stands. Streams from the mountain supply water to the villagers. The lake shore has receded from the village, so that now the shore is about one-half mile to the east. The plain is very fertile and nearly all of

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their primary religion with Muslim Bai designated as the Bai Hui who are thought to have fled to the Bai regions after the failed Panthay Rebellion against the Manchu rulers of the Qing Dynasty from 1856-1873.

the inhabitants are farmers. The fields of the plain yield two crops yearly; wheat in the winter season, rice in the summer. The rice harvest is in[237] November. And yet, it is not proper to speak of winter and summer; the seasons are more nearly analogous to spring and fall. Deciduous trees begin to drop their leaves in late December and days later the plum blossoms appear.

Houses are built for the convenience of the farmer. A square space about twenty-five feet each way, is paved with flag stones. Around this square a porch is laid out. Back of the porch are living rooms. Residence quarters and storage areas are provided on all four sides of the inner, flagstone courtyard. Each of the four sections consists of three rooms. More substantial houses have a stone foundation and two stories. Many houses are decorated with locally quarried marble. Other common building

[237] End of Manuscript page 95.

materials include sun-dried mud bricks and hand-hewn timbers.

Near the eaves of the house, and at lower levels in the outside walls are a series of loopholes.[238] In the past, these apertures were used to repel attacks of bandits, which often came at harvest time. The early defensive weapons were spears and arrows, which have been replaced by rifles and shotguns of local manufacture. In the village such houses were built closely together with a single door and no windows in the exterior wall facing the street. The streets themselves were merely alleyways connecting groups of residences.

Since polygamy is still practiced, each mother/wife has a section of the structure. The courtyard, open to the sky, serves as threshing floor

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238 As the text indicates, the original meaning of the term which has come to refer to some lack of clarity that permits escape from a contractual or other obligation as "a small hole or slit in a wall, especially one through which small arms may be fired."

as well as the location of common meetings on all occasions. The porch which fronts each of the four building sections bordering the courtyard, provides shelter from rain and sun. Rooves are typically of grey tile. The ground floor serves[239] as living quarters while the second floor is typically reserved for granary and storage purposes. As a consequence, the floors of the second story are hand-sawn, unplaned planks attached to the rafters with heavy iron spikes. These boards are approximately one and one-half inches in thickness, unseasoned, and butted together without joinery to create a very uneven surface. Stairways are constructed to a standard pattern and, when installed, fit the space only coincidentally.

The problems faced by the college's faculty and students when these structures were rented as living quarters, were many. Two families were assigned to one three-room section: one living on

239 End of Manuscript page 95.

the ground floor, the other upstairs. Windows facing the courtyard were wooden grills which could be covered with ordinary tissue paper. Doors substitute wooden pivots and corresponding wall sockets at the top and bottom of the frame for hinges. For convenience in controlling the entry of livestock, especially pigs, door sills are more than one foot in height.

At the corners of the square structure were entrances to lean-to sheds used as stables or kitchens. An ordinary house in Hsichow thus housed eight faculty families in close living. Eight kitchens in four corners provided abundant opportunity for disagreements. In the assignment of quarters, no distinctions were made between Chinese, American, or British families. Nor were foreign families segregated in any way. Here was an opportunity to develop democracy in the raw.

I have previously noted that each staff and student-body member[240] was permitted to bring one hundred pounds of baggage. No furniture, no kitchen equipment, no chinaware could be brought. That baggage allowance was insufficient even for needed bedding. The local people had very little furniture which could be used. Farmers were content with the very simplest of trestles as tables and chairs. A few rich people possessed heavy, cumbersome teakwood tables and chairs imported from Burma or South China.

Iron is a scarce metal in China and copper is not much more plentiful. Each household used a round bottom frying pan which it had brought with it over great distances. Stoves consisted of a brick platform with an opening and a crude grate. Charcoal is the preferred fuel. The round bottomed pan is placed on the charcoal fire and all of the cooking apart from the preparation of rice is done in

240 End of Manuscript page 96.

this pan. Rice is cooked in a copper kettle with a tight-fitting lid or in an earthenware pot with a lid of the same material. Tea is brewed in a crude earthenware pot. The only light in the kitchen enters naturally through the doorless doorway. Fumes and smoke find their eventual way out through the roof.

In such crowded, primitive surroundings, seemingly simple problems can quickly become serious. For example, in one instance, a man with severe asthma occupied the room above the household kitchen. Fumes and smoke rising through the kitchen ceiling and the invalid's floor nearly suffocated him requiring a solution that combined equal parts of diplomacy and engineering.

The difficulties with furnishings were equally acute in households and classrooms. Carpenters were engaged to convert packing cases into

laboratory tables and bookshelves. A trunk set against the wall in one house was appropriated as the most comfortable sitting accommodation whenever meetings were held there.[241] I solved my own problems with furnishings by bringing in tools from Rangoon. Our carpenters were soon able to make copies of my prototypes.

Renting houses was also difficult. Homeowners compelled by their economic circumstances to rent their homes or even a single room thereof were viewed as destitute. Neither were there any hotels or inns in the vicinity. The homeless found shelter in temples which were both social centers and places of worship. Temples provided lodging because certain feasts lasted for several days and required participants to remain overnight. The priesthood is not ordained and most of the worship, including the conduct of ceremonial rights (except for the overnight feasts arranged by

241 End of Manuscript page 97.

the men around an open fire) is conducted by the family's matriarch.

The temples are divided into three worship sections. Immediately facing the front gate is the main temple. Here, three images representing the Buddhist trinity[242] and having Indian rather than Chinese facial features are the focus of worship. Immediately inside the gate facing the Buddhist Temple is a Taoist shrine. On one side, usually the left as one enters, is an area devoted to Confucian philosophy[243]. Here, as nowhere else I visited in China, I found Confucian images entitled "the Gods of Confucius."

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242 It is said that the Buddha is defined by three bodies of enlightenment, the so-called trikaya of classical Mahayana theory. These include the dharmakaya, the body of ultimate reality; the sambhogakaya, the body of joy; and the nirmanakaya, the Buddha's conditioned, human body of flesh and blood.

243 The main idea of Confucianism is the importance of having a good moral character, which can then affect the world around that person through the idea of "cosmic harmony."

Beds. The subject of soft and comfortable contemplation finds no counterpart in actuality. We had long ago left our American Simmons springs and Beauty-Rest mattresses in the realm of distant memory. Still, people must have a place to sleep. The local species of bed consisted of two trestles with rough-sawn boards[244] laid across. On this is placed a strip of thin grass matting. In cold weather, a cotton comforter covers the sleeper. I was much shocked when a local nurse hired by the college, removed the mattress we had supplied for her bed and would have nothing between her back and the bed-boards except a cotton sheet.

Our own beds were not much improved over the local variety. We planed the bed boards, covered them with a cotton comforter and wadded a cotton pad as a pillow. Later, when time and circumstances permitted us to develop some of the comforts of western homes, we recalled the rope

244 End of Manuscript Page 98.

beds stored in our grandparents' attics and reverted to those grandeurs of a past generation. For most of our faculty members this sort of luxury remained too expensive.

That was a grand day indeed when my son went out to the shore of a small lake and returned with thirty-six wild ducks. I immediately sewed several simple bags out of local cloth and had feather pillows for everyone in our household.

Probably no greater impression was made upon these local villagers than by our initiation of electricity to light the college campus. They had never seen electric lights; the ordinary lamp of the community being a small earthenware saucer with an earthenware tube in the center. The tube is part of the saucer, open on one side of its base and extending about one-half inch higher than the rim of the saucer. The inside diameter of the tube is a quarter of an inch. A bit of raw cotton is twisted

into loose yarn and threaded through this tube. Vegetable, rape seed, or walnut oil, or animal fat is poured into the saucer. Then the wick is lit. The resulting flame is very small and smoky. No[245] sensible person would attempt to read by it and yet many hundreds of people in this community had no better lamps until the arrival of kerosene lamps sold by Standard Oil, a very recent development in this region. Small, cheap Japanese kerosene lamps had not yet arrived. The most economical kerosene lamp was the "Ma Teng" a kind of lantern. Kerosene was an expensive luxury even for us Americans.

What a surprise, therefore, when at 7:30 P.M., our installation having been completed, we started the motor, threw in the switch, and set 110 [volt] lamps blazing. The people came bounding from the village as if drawn by a large fire. They soon formed a complete circle around the campus. There they remained, debating the import of this new

245 End of Manuscript page 99.

phenomenon, and making broader plans encompassing the entire village. The communal discussions continued until 10:30 P.M. when the lights were extinguished.

The manner of construction of this electric plant is itself a story. When I had completed the most essential relocation from Kunming, it was decided that I would transport the physics department's equipment and supplies as well as the department's machinist to Hsichow, leaving our other transport to convey less critical supplies at a later date. And so, the machinist and I set out from Hsichow over roads that had known no wheeled traffic for years; if ever.

Construction of the Burma Road through Hsiakwan included the surveying and initial construction, including some leveling and grading along the western lake shore, of a side-road, some one hundred twenty miles in length, connecting to

the Burma Road at Likiang.[246] Seven mountain torrents, situated along the ten mile stretch between Tali and Hsichow, had to be bridged or forded. The first spring rains had washed the bridges[247] away and they had never been rebuilt. For one stretch of roadbed about a quarter of a mile in length, the rushing stream and road became one. Farmers along this stretch had dug ditches to drain their fields. Mud holes, up to fifty feet in width and five in depth, developed at many locations. Where the streams crossed the nascent road, the precipitous road banks were up to ten feet in height. They had been worn down somewhat by thousands of mule caravans; constantly on the move to and fro but which did not tend to make the mud banks any drier. The road itself had never been stoned or graveled. The streambeds were a series of large boulders.

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246 A prefecture-level city in the northwest of Yunnan Province, China.

247 End of Manuscript page 100.

It took ten hours to travel the ten miles. On at least one occasion, the rear of the truck body hung on the bank leaving the rear wheels spinning and washed by a strong current as they hung suspended. The front wheels were wedged between boulders. The only digging tools we had were two large tire irons, which we used to stabilize the rear wheels and continue the journey. On another occasion we walked to a farmhouse several hundred yards from the road to borrow planks to bridge a mud hole.

Our most successful method for stream crossing was to level the rocks in the stream as best we could, shift into the lowest gear and simply drive across. At times the truck was nearly on one side but somehow came through with skillful manipulation of the steering wheel. In these situations, the machinist as my co-driver stood on the other side of the stream at our objective and with hand motions indicated his best judgment of

the proper steering wheel position. At mud holes we waded in to determine the best route and then brought all of the stones we could carry and deposited them in the path. We then added any available planks and drove across at high speed before our rudimentary foundation sank out of sight. I also constructed for these journeys a set of special, heavy tire chains that served their purpose well.

It was 10:30 PM when we came to a stone archway,[248] set up over the road that led to the village gate. These arches[249] are erected as memorials and their dimensions permit the easy passage of a fully loaded mule. A truck[250], however,

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248 End of Manuscript page 101.

249 The Manuscript continues: "or Pailos Paul" but research has disclosed no such Chinese word from the period.

250 The bus Rev. Taylor is driving had been constructed on a truck chassis and the two terms are often used interchangeably in the manuscript with respect to this vehicle.

is a different matter. This arch included three openings with the center one being the largest. However, this opening featured a transverse stone sill twelve inches in height. After careful measurement I decided that our truck would pass below the arch at the precise center with just about an inch to spare on each side if the rear did not bounce. With these stars all aligned, I would just pass below the transverse stone that formed the top of the arch.

The lights and motor noise of our vehicles set all the dogs in the village (a considerable number) barking. When we arrived at the village gateway, crowds of people had assembled. I drove ahead as people climbed on the bus, which was full by the time we reached the village square and the end of the road. I was later told that no one had previously been so foolhardy as to attempt to pass through the arch with so large a vehicle.

College students soon surrounded me, and we had a great reunion. I had had no food and little drink since early morning, and I insisted that any celebrating be done with my feet under a table and provisions before me for the next hour or two.

By morning the air had been let out of the tires. The valve caps and everything removable had disappeared as souvenirs. The village elders ensured that everything was returned to me. But I could not get the truck through the village and out the gate that led to the college campus located outside the village wall. So, with much maneuvering, the truck was turned around and I drove it back through the central arch. Another road, never before serving a motor vehicle of any kind, led from the arch toward the[251] temple where the college was conducting classes and the grounds and buildings of which were to serve as our campus.

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251 End of Manuscript page 102.

With crowds of villagers of all ages following the only wheeled or motorized vehicle many of them had ever seen, I worked the truck to within two hundred yards of the campus. Before me was a stream. The only means of crossing was an ancient memorial masonry structure built for pedestrians, but it appeared strong enough to me, so I drove ahead. The width of the bridge was greater than the width of the truck; hub cap to hub cap, by a total of one inch. Beyond that margin was a stone balustrade. Moreover, the bridge was of the type known as a "camelback"[252] with a set of stone stairs leading to an arched apogee and another set of stairs leading down to the other bank of the stream. This design allowed small boats to travel below the bridge. I was at first reluctant to test the ability of the truck to climb these stairs but, in the end, I concluded that a vehicle that had successfully travelled from Tali to Hsichow would not balk at

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252 Because it rises in the center of the span.

climbing a few stairs. However, there was a more serious difficulty. Too slow a passage would leave both front and rear wheels hanging uselessly in the air as the middle of the chassis reached the apogee. On the other hand, I had previously seen the results of a truck crossing a camelback bridge (albeit not one with stairways on either side) when it reached the "hump" at too great a speed. At the apogee the front end remained in motion until gravity finally pulled it down with such force as to leave nothing useful of the truck and no sign of life in the driver.

With all the uncertainties, including both assistance and hindrance by the curious onlookers, this bridge was safely crossed. There followed a sharp right turn between a deep gutter and a deeper stream and before me lay another bridge with eighteen stone steps on either side. By now the bus took such obstacles for granted and this is how the bus came to Hsichow and the college.

There remained the problem of the bus's proper use given the limited possibility of its further relocation and the absence of any possibility that it could be further used for transportation. One of the Chinese teachers (the same one who proved so helpful in the matter of the excavation at Huping) and I had many hours of discussion on the matter. Our views of the mechanical possibilities diverged and most of his ideas were better than mine, so he took charge. The rear wheels of the truck were jacked up, a pulley shaft set into the body of the bus, a driving belt over the tire rim on the right side with the brake set on the left, and the gas generator was connected.

The only cheap and reliable source of energy in the region was charcoal. The use of charcoal gas to run a truck motor is quite a simple process. Charcoal is put into a closed furnace, lit, and set to the production of carbon monoxide gas by means of a blacksmith's forge blower. When the gas is being

produced in proper amounts, a valve in the tube connecting the top of the furnace with the truck engine carburetor is opened. On the way the gas is filtered through a tightly woven cloth bag. The engine is started with gasoline and, when it reaches operating temperature, the gasoline supply is tapered off while the charcoal gas supply is simultaneously increased. Before the engine knows what has happened, it is running on pure charcoal gas and liking it.[253]

And that is how it came to be that the collected population of Hsichow were able to stand around the college compound for three hours discussing this wonder of modern civilization: electric light.

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253 Rev. Taylor's description, not surprisingly, is completely accurate. What he does not mention are the various hazards created by this process.

Chapter VIII

A Lodge in a Garden of Cucumbers

I had seen "lodges" in gardens, first in Nanking, later in other parts of the country. But, in no place did I notice their primitive usefulness so completely illustrated as in the Er Hai valley.

A farmer has a garden or a field. He does not live on that soil- his house is in a village at some distance. When his crops are almost ripe for harvest, he builds a shelter in the middle of his cultivated land, several feet above the growing grain or vegetables. There he will sit, day and night (or some member of his family will do so) making certain that no passers-by or band of bandits carries off the fruits of his industry. Police protection for farmers is unheard of.

When the rice is ready for harvest in the fall, or the wheat is ready for harvest in the spring, these lodges appear throughout the countryside. Then, at dusk is heard one of the weirdest sounds in the orient. Looking carefully in the fading light,

you will see a boy or man standing on a pathway between the heavily laden grain fields, puffing his cheeks to their maximum, straining every muscle, and blowing into a hollowed water buffalo horn much as westerners make a sound by blowing into a conch shell. Soon this eerie wail is answered by another at a distance and others, at various distances, take up the call; each at a slightly different key. At the same time, small lights appear in the lodges and elsewhere in the fields keeping the night alive with a thousand eyes and signaling to any roving band that the community is awake and watching.

The planting and harvesting of the rice crop are, in the Er Hai Valley, subjects for cooperative labor and frolic. I suppose that one could take twenty women from almost any walk of life, racial stock, or social heritage and, having been transported into a field planting rice, the conversation would be highly entertaining, if a bit

embarrassing to any passing male.[254] In this valley, neighbors help each other, whether for "pay" or return services. Women do most of the physical work. They roll their trousers above their knees in mud that comes well above their ankles. Several inches of standing water cover the mud. The women begin at one side of the field, side by side and nearly touching elbows, while they plant rice sprouts in front of them as they walk backwards.

At intervals a high, falsetto voice pierces the air and drowns out the sucking sounds made by the women's feet as they regress through the mud. All voices present join in the song. The initial voice is a man coming along the path. The tune is always the same but the words- always sexually suggestive and uncomplimentary to the approaching man- seem to be spontaneous and the invention of the group. The language is not Chinese. Some of my Chinese bilingual friends (Mandarin and Ming Chia[255])

254 End of Manuscript page 105.

have told me on several occasions as we passed by, that it is certainly a good thing that I cannot understand the lyrics of these songs.

Many children, according to local sources, are born by virtue of the rice planting. It is part of the fertility of the whole earth.

The people of American communities with which I am familiar make an effort to give the sons and daughters as elaborate weddings as they can afford. Likewise, they provide for their dead relatives with great care, consideration, and little thought of expense. How strange, then, that I should find these same predilections among the otherwise quite unsophisticated people of the Er Hai Valley. But war alters all things and when rationing and inflation made most luxuries

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255 The Manuscript text here is nearly unreadable and while "Ming Chia" appears to be a common Chinese surname, I have found no reference to this term descriptive of a language or dialect. I may be misreading the text.

unavailable to common folk, the village elders created a solution unknown to my American friends: mass weddings. Twice yearly or more often if required, when the elders so determined, betrothed couples were gathered in a public place and there officially united in matrimony.

There was also then much feasting and a good time was had by all.

The agricultural implements of these people are still rather primitive. Much of the soil is turned by means of a mattock.[256] Where the one-handled plow and bullock[257] are used, the plowing is not deep, and it is necessary to have two persons on each operation: one to pull the bullock and one to push the plow while throwing lumps of mud at the

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256 A mattock is a versatile hand tool, used for digging and chopping, similar to the pickaxe. It has a long handle, and a stout head, which combines an axe blade and an adze (cutter mattock) or a pick and an adze- the latter is usually used for the turning of soil.

257 Young bull or steer; an ox.

bullock. In fact, a third person might be valuable, someone to keep all the ploughmen awake.

The harrow[258] is an all-wood affair. There is neither a nail or bolt or any other piece of metal in it; the components being bound together with twisted strands of split bamboo. Threshing is performed with a stick, held in one hand of a woman or girl, while her other hand holds a hand-tied sheaf of grain, ears down. The threshed grain is swept up and winnowed[259] by means of a flat bamboo tray and whatever wind may be stirring at the moment.

The boats on the lake are, in general, similar to the junks found in other parts of China; except that the sails are woven bamboo instead of cloth. There are no pulleys at the top of the mast by which

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258 A harrow is an agricultural implement consisting of many spikes, tines or discs dragged across the soil to level it and break up clumps of soil.

259 The use of a current of air to remove the chaff of the grain.

to pull up the sails. Instead, a crotch or fork[260] serves the purpose. For the most part the lines or ropes are rawhide. There is no centerboard or sideboard in place of a keel as is the custom elsewhere. I had nearly forgotten that the boatmen do not like to row. Oars, such as they are, are long poles to one end of which has been tied what looks like a Ping-Pong paddle. On one trip from Hsia Kwan to Hsichow[261], I had to come by boat. The twenty-mile trip took three days and nights during all of which I was suffering from dysentery.

Wuchang, and the region from which most of our students came, is in the lowlands. Few places are more than 800 feet above sea level. Our students regularly broke quarantine following a diagnosis of such infectious diseases as diphtheria,

260 End of Manuscript page 107.

261 The typewritten text is nearly unreadable. I am not certain of the place names. Nevertheless, Hsia Kwan is the location of a major railhead on the Yangtze River and Hsichow in Yunnan Province was the location of the Canton Union Theological College.

in order to attend school. We had not yet become settled in Hsichow, which lies more than six thousand feet above sea level, when the son of our assistant librarian became ill with diphtheria and died within a few days. Other illnesses had similarly to be regarded as much more serious than in the Yangtze valley. Typhus was especially serious. Plague even threatened at times.

When I arrived in Hsichow, all rentable dwelling houses had been occupied. I was able to come to agreement with a small village of a dozen houses and located one mile nearer to the mountain than the larger village. I rented an old and dilapidated temple with the understanding that I would put the place in repair. I was permitted to make living quarters out of the two wings of the temple building. The main temple was retained for worship. One of the[262] reasons I was able to rent the temple property was that soldiers had been

262 End of Manuscript page 108.

occupying it for some time and were becoming a regular fixture. Renting the property to me gave the local people an opportunity to ask the soldiers to find more appropriate quarters.

The two temple wings were mere sheds; open on the sides facing the inner court with blank, mud walls on the other sides. There were no floors. I hired three Mohammedan[263] carpenters from a village to the north and proceeded to make myself a home.

Each first and fifteenth day of the lunar cycle, women came to the Temple carrying bells and offerings of food for their deities. The worship activities encompass the entire day. Initially, these activities were disconcerting because the group of women worshippers included many women from other villages. The entire neighborhood seemed to have become suddenly pious.

263 An alternative spelling for followers of the Prophet Muhammad i.e. Islam.

My study was the open porch in front of the Confucian images. My dining room was the open porch on the other side of the court. The women arrived one-by-one, knelt in the center of the court, lifted their hands with palms together and made three bows of obeisance to each of the four cardinal points of the compass. Wherever I sat, I was the object of three bows. Eventually I became accustomed to it but never without a touch of embarrassment. The women's' worship went right by me and to the deities beyond.

It was while I was building walls and laying floors for two bedrooms that I became the caretaker for the sick. The floor in one bedroom had been laid. That in the other was half laid. There were no doors or windows. One of the women students contracted typhus. We had no physician; the nearest being in Tali some ten miles[264] away. We called upon him as needed. We had but one

264 End of Manuscript page 109.

Chinese woman nurse who had her hands full with normal duties especially as there was, as yet no college dispensary. So, the typhoid patient came to me as the owner of the only vacant room. For more than a week I looked after her; having put her on my board bed and making a bed for myself on the floor. Of course, I also had to tend to my college classes and office work. Our president was away attending the People's Political Council, of which he was a member, and simultaneously arranging the college's affairs in Chungking. By the fourth day of this regime, I had become used to four hours sleep in twenty-four.

One evening after dinner, the warden of the women's hostel and the registrar of the college, an Englishwoman, came to my house to inform me that a senior woman student had been stricken with an unknown illness that caused her to scream almost continuously thereby making it impossible for the other students to carry on with their

studies. It was suggested that the trouble might be psychological. Although they did not ask me directly to take charge of this student, I could see no other solution and told them to "bring her along." An hour later she was brought on a stretcher, and I could hear her screams in the distance. When she had been left in my courtyard, I went to her, took her hand, and spoke to her. Her distress and its vocal expression ceased immediately. I was convinced that the trouble was psychic. She was placed on an improvised bed in the unfinished bedroom.

During the night she called to me every few minutes and finally revealed that she had severe abdominal pains. In the morning I sent for the doctor. It was the rainy season and the road to Tali was flooded. It took hours for the doctor to arrive.[265] We had provided a bicycle to the doctor, but this conveyance was useless in the current conditions.

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265 End of Manuscript page 110.

He had tried riding a horse that became mired in the mud. Finally, the doctor had resorted to walking the ten muddy miles after taking off his shoes and stockings and rolling his pant legs above his knees. After he had scrubbed, he examined the girl, gave her some medicine, and returned to Tali; the round trip having taken the better part of the day.

The next day, I had to again send for the doctor. He arrived in the evening. The girl's abdomen had swollen and was too painful to touch. The dean of women arrived to assist during the night. The doctor slept on a cot in the room of the typhoid patient. The dean of women and I dozed in the other room.

At 5:00 AM, I looked at the abdominal patient and saw that she had not stirred since I had last looked half an hour earlier. Neither had she made a sound in the interim. She was dead.

I immediately went across the porch to the other bedroom to fetch the doctor. He was not there but had gone for a walk. In a few minutes he was back and quite surprised that his patient had died; having looked in on her before his walk. The doctor then made one of the most startling assertions I had ever heard from a Christian: "I was afraid of that. These idols have worked against us." He meant that I had moved into this heathen temple, made it my living quarters, but had not cleared out the idols that I had left in place and were now, according to the doctor, working their evil. This man was not a Chinese convert to Christianity, he was a well-educated Englishman; a physician with several medical degrees and honors.

[266]These beliefs were not uncommon among medical missionaries in Southwest China.[267] I was

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266 The following sentence was eliminated in the Second Draft apparently by Dr. Castleman, head of the Mission Board. I have returned it to the text.

267 End of Manuscript page 111.

acquainted with a physician who also practiced dentistry and was quite competent in both professions. However, he came to regard himself as more of an evangelist and was often found kneeling at the patient's bedside in prayer rather than conducting a medical examination. Ultimately, he spent all of his personal time in pursuit of abstruse Biblical notions and failed to keep up with the advances in his professions. He became useless as either a physician or a dentist. Before formally abandoning his position, he told me that he "had to become a eunuch for Christ". Other physicians in this part of China followed a similar path. One abandoned his obstetrical practice and instruments in order, as he put it, "to save his soul."

Our physician had permitted a superstition about the power of mud plaster statues to interfere with his scientific training and convictions. He had prayed with the patient instead of recognizing the need for emergency surgery and an all-night vigil. It

was not long after the death of this student that the doctor left his profession to become an evangelist as part of a group with definite fanatical tendencies.[268]

The aftermath of the student's death was quite unpleasant and would have been more dire had a physician not been on the scene and had our faculty not had immediate access to the local police authorities so that the doctor's death certificate was immediately accepted, things might have gone badly for me as the person caring for the deceased student. As it was, the student death created significant issues for the college, and made[269] it imperative that the college procure a physician at once. Fortunately, an expatriated German Jew in Kunming came to our rescue.

To illustrate the attitude of the Chinese to disaster and death I will relate the following, which

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268 End of passage eliminated from the Second Draft.

269 End of Manuscript page 112.

I personally observed. Shortly after the work of the college in its refugee quarters was running fairly smoothly, one of junior women students received a telegram informing her that her parents and virtually every other member of her family (her brother having previously died in battle) was killed when a Japanese bomb hit her ancestral home. The telegram was delivered to the student during class when she was seated on a four-inch-wide bench pulled up to a table and was preparing with about twenty other women for examinations. She opened the telegram, scanned its contents, gave a groan, and fell tearfully face forward onto the table. The heartrending sobs continued for about ten minutes and the other students gathered around in sympathy. After this time, all sobbing suddenly ceased, the student lifted her head, dried her eyes, and announced: "they are all gone but I must carry on." She then returned to her room, obtained a strand of white wool from her personal possessions

kept in a wooden box at the foot of her bed, and arranged the strand into a rosette which, with the addition of a bobby pin, she wore in her raven tresses. She then went back to her work and that was the end of her mourning. She did not revile her enemies.

Of course, she could have done nothing to alter the fate of her family or the circumstances she now confronted. Her home was now in enemy territory, and she had no means of support. Nevertheless, she had the attitude of tens of thousands of[270] her Chinese compatriots facing the severest forms of loss and disaster: life goes on and we must carry on with it.

When the final load of goods had been brought to Hsichow, one of the trucks was sold and the young clergyman who had been the truck's custodian and driver returned to Hong Kong to

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270 End of Manuscript page 113.

assume clerical duties there. My son arrived in Hsichow with the other truck. For several months he lived with me in my new temple home.

One of my son's interests concerned the plentiful game animals in Yunnan Province. The local people possessed few firearms. Wild fowl wintered on the lakes and fed on the rice dropped at harvest time. My son was able to procure a double-barrel shotgun to which we later added a repeating shot gun and a carbine.

My home became the guesthouse for the college. I was able to construct an indoor bathroom of sorts, a dining room and two additional bedrooms, one of which took the form of a loft. My kitchen was a remodeled pigsty. Two local residents, a young man and his wife, came to live with me as servants. Though they never became fine cooks nor achieved the degree of cleanliness expected of household help, they did make it

possible for me to concentrate on my college duties. Two guests who came to live with me were an elderly American philanthropist[271] and the seventeen-year-old son of an American missionary serving in China near the Tibetan border in the Mekong Valley. The former, who was in poor health, required a great deal of care and attention but his room and board payments allowed us to purchase needed supplies we could not have otherwise afforded, including ammunition and horses.

Our first horses were actually native ponies: one brown and the other black. My son claimed the latter, which resisted all training, and they had together several escapades. The horse would take the bit and start out at a full cantor the moment anyone mounted. Coming to a side road or path the horse would take the turn without slowing in the least. This would send the rider further down the

271 End of Manuscript page 114.

original route without his mount. On the road to Tali on one occasion, the black horse could not be controlled at all. He headed toward one of the seven streams that cross the road. He could not be turned nor halted by any means. The rock embankment along the stream was about ten feet in height. At the last possible moment, the horse became a statue, planting all four hoofs firmly at the edge of the embankment. My son found himself in midstream, well battered and bruised but not seriously injured.

My son's horse met its demise in a mud puddle. While a servant was leading him to pasture, the horse bolted and was ultimately found mired and drowned. Benny, a horse with some Tibetan blood, replaced him. Benny was the largest horse in the community and, as such, excited some comment, but, by western standards, he was small. With these horses and guns, we were able to keep the larder well stocked with game while getting

plenty of exercise at the same time. The game also helped save lives[272] on occasion.

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My temple home stood by itself, two fields away from the small farming village it served and surrounded by a grove of cypress trees through which there flowed a mountain stream. Behind the temple, in the cypress grove, the local farmers had constructed a rice mill using the fall of the stream water to drive their milling stones. Beggars and wanderers who had in the past sought refuge in the temple could no longer do so and were not content to lodge in the rice mill. Some had erected straw sheds against the stonewalls of the mill. For this and related reasons, I slept with a loaded shotgun by my side.

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272 End of Manuscript page 115.

The easiest means of surreptitiously entering a house in this region of Yunnan Province is through the foundation walls. During those times of the year when the winds blow steadily at high velocities, a householder hears noises of indeterminate origin throughout the night from the rattling and banging of doors, windows, and shutters; tiles being blown off the roof; tree limbs scraping the roof and exterior walls, and so on. It is during these nights that the danger from robbery is most severe. The robber, with several assistants, arrives at the house under cover of darkness and, timing each blow and stroke with the natural noises and winds, digs through the adobe walls at grade level. Smart builders in this region construct the first four or five feet above grade with large stones but my temple home had thin adobe walls of the type easily penetrated.

I first became aware of this method of illegal entry and the fact that I had fallen victim to it when

my servant announced: "No breakfast." Someone had dug a hole through the kitchen wall during the night and carried away my kitchen equipment. I got a guard dog; a half "mutt[273]", half Tibetan Mastiff pup who answered to the name of "Purp." The next group of robbers[274] ran off when Purp bounded toward the hole in the foundation they had just finished excavating. However, Purp soon became friendly with all comers and, thereby, lost any usefulness as a watchdog.

One stormy night, as the cypress branches were whipped by the wind against the temple just feet from where I was lying awake, I heard suspicious thuds coming from below which sounded like the application of an object with force against the foundation clay. After thirty minutes of indecision during which the thudding continued in

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273 The Manuscript has "wonk" the meaning of which is unclear.

274 End of Manuscript page 116.

a regular fashion, I lit a lamp and made an investigation. The sound of running feet indicated a hasty group retreat. I exited the temple with the lamp in one hand and my shotgun in the other and saw that my intended "visitors" had excavated a tunnel almost ten feet in length and large enough for a man to creep through. The poor fellow, however, had miscalculated and had hit a cross-wall foundation. They were evidently strangers in the community.

After these experiences, I slept with the shotgun by my side loaded with birdshot which, while a powerful deterrent, was unlikely to cause death or serious injury.

At 2:00 AM one cold and blustery moonlit morning, I was awakened by shouts of "long-knives" in the local dialect; an alarm that indicated the presence of robbers. I was on my feet, shotgun in hand, almost at once. My son Edouard was

sleeping across the porch. I wakened him and he, with the carbine, and I opened the compound gate and entered the cypress grove. Across the fields, in the small village, we could see lights moving and people scurrying about. The shouting and wailing were on a grand scale. We first offered aid to the wailing beggars occupying the grove. As we came out from under the trees into a patch of moonlight, I saw two robbers coming toward me carrying bags of rice. I shouted, "stand!" but they continued to advance so I yelled with greater emphasis: "stand or I'll shoot!"[275] The foremost miscreant said: "Uh, they have guns." The bags of rice were dropped, and the robbers took to their heels. Just to make certain that they kept on going, I discharged a round into the ground behind the last set of heels and instructed my son to shoot over their heads.

In the village a real commotion now broke loose. A large band of men began retreating toward

275 End of Manuscript page 117.

the mountain. We followed, shooting from time to time, until we tired of the chase. We bandaged the knife gashes of beggars who had defended their meager supplies. Then we went back to bed.

Next morning my servants, who lived in the village, told me that a band of forty to fifty men had come down from the mountains, attacked the villagers with knives and cudgels, sacked the villagers' grain, loaded up the cured meat, put halters on several cattle, and were just making off toward the mountains, when our gun shots were heard. The robbers thought that the local police had arrived at the crime scene. Nevertheless, no one thanked us for our actions. It was all taken as a natural course of conduct on our parts. We had become, in a sense, a part of the village.

* * *

One moonlight night, Robert Morse (mentioned above as the son of a missionary living

on the Mekong River) and I went for a wild ride. On his father's side, Robert is a descendant of Samuel F. B. Morse[276] and, on his mother's side, to Eli Whitney.[277] Robert was born and bred in the wilds, on the upland near the Tibetan border. He came to us at age seventeen, passed college entrance examinations in English, French (in which he was self-taught), and Chinese as well as other subjects. He had already translated a large part of the New Testament into Lisu, the dialect of a tribe of aboriginal peoples[278] living near his home. He was also fluent in both written and spoken Tibetan. What I appreciated most about Robert, apart from his gentility and pleasant disposition, was the fact that he was a born Nimrod.[279]

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276 Inventor of the Morse code used in telegraph communications.

277 Inventor of the cotton gin; a machine for the separation of cotton fibers from the seeds.

278 End of Manuscript page 118.

279 The reference is not clear, but Nimrod is a Biblical figure; the son of Cush, grandson of Ham, and great-

A week before Christmas, Robert borrowed my horse and gun after afternoon classes, promising to return by dusk. Supper being ready, I went to the compound gate to see if he might be in sight. I opened the gate just in time for him to come riding through at a cantor. In his left hand he held an enormous bird by the legs. Although Robert was holding this bird as high as he could manage, the head and neck were dragging on the ground. "What in the world have you got there?" I asked in surprise. The response was: "a Sandhill Crane."[280] "Are they any good to eat? Not too fishy?" Robert looked at me and shook his head. As I relieved him of the bird, which weighed more than forty pounds,

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grandson of Noah depicted as a mighty hunter. See 1 Genesis 10:10, 1 Chronicles 1:10. By legend, Nimrod was the leader of those who constructed the Tower of Babel.

280 Grus Canadensis. A species of large crane the largest flocks of which live in North America and Siberia but smaller flocks have been observed in Eastern China. The bird as described in the text is an unusually large individual with Sandhill Cranes usually weighing less than 10 pounds.

he told me that Sandhill Cranes were very good eating indeed.

Sandhill Cranes come from Koko Nor.[281] I had often seen them in the distance. They are among the wariest of wild fowl. I had on several occasions attempted unsuccessfully to take one with a rifle. Robert had gone out with my shotgun, stalked a flock of six, and shot one. The bird was cleaned, hung, stuffed, and roasted for Christmas dinner. It fed twenty-three persons.

The roasting of a bird of that size was not without difficulties. The largest oven available was a five-gallon kerosene tin. I solved the problem by making a Chinese steamer, a circular wooden container like an old-fashioned flour sifter, putting this on top of my 37 inch "Ko" or round-bottomed frying pan. With water in the Ko, steam was forced

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281 Koko Nor, which means, "blue lake" in Mongolian; the former name (now called Qinghai in Mandarin) of an area at the northeast of the Tibetan plateau in China.

through the screen bottom of the[282] steamer. Well packed dishcloths prevented too much of the steam from escaping. After six hours of steaming, the bird was tender, and its fat had replaced the water in the Ko. The bird was then dropped into the pan and slowly browned. I can say that the best roast turkey takes second place to this Sandhill Crane.

Robert was also skilled with a .22 target rifle. It was a real joy to see him go out at dawn and come back in a short time with meat for breakfast; usually a pair of wood doves, which are about twice the size of turtledoves, or a grey squirrel. Whatever Robert brought back he had shot through the head. If he used a shotgun, he typically shot at least two and often three birds with one shot.

It was, therefore, with confidence that I set out on horseback with Robert shortly after Christmas on a moonlight ride. Days are slightly

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282 End of Manuscript page 119.

shorter at that time a year. Snow covers the upper two-thirds of the mountain. Wolves and feral dogs are driven to the plain. A lone person, out after sunset, is likely to encounter trouble. For several nights we had heard wolves howling and dogs whining and barking in the village. One morning we received a report that a village woman, leaving too late in the day for the journey to Tali, had been killed and eaten by wolves. That night Robert and I decided to ride the mountain road in the hope of luring wolves with the scent of horseflesh. We rode back and forth along the mountain until almost midnight without spotting a single wolf. In the days that followed, whenever we were out riding without firearms, we invariably saw at least a pair of wolves slinking across the path or a feral dog watching us from a distance.

* * *

Shooting kites[283] out of the sky gave us good practice. Imagine[284] Edouard's surprise when, one afternoon, just after lunch, he took a shot at what he thought was a Kite and a Himalayan Eagle[285] fell at his feet. The bird was not dead but had been sufficiently stunned to permit Ed to catch it. The wing spread was well over six feet. It took all of Ed's strength to carry the bird to the college's biology laboratory where it was caged. Later on, Ed shot another eagle with a shot gun. The eagle was digesting a large meal of prey and was sitting in a recently harvested rice field. I also shot two eagles, but they were perched in trees and my firearm was a carbine.

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283 Referring to birds of the family Accipitridae.

284 End of Manuscript page 120.

285 At the time of this writing, Himalayan Eagles are widely known for their actions bringing down paragliders. They are a large raptor of the same family as the kite that inhabit the lower slopes of the Himalayan foothills and are common in Yunnan Province, China.

* * *

In July 1940, I was driving a truck through the city of Tali at about six miles per hour in second gear. The main street is twenty feet wide, paved with cobble stones. Crowds of pedestrians swarmed around. Large umbrellas and salesmen's tables narrowed the cartway to about six feet. Pigs, dogs, chickens, mules, pack trains, and beggars made our six miles per hour speed almost excessive.

I became aware of a young man ahead of us, 18 to 20 years of age, walking directly in the middle of the street toward our truck. He held a rice bowl in one hand in which lay a portion of fresh meat. Like a flash of darkness, an eagle swooped over the houses on my left, obscured the young man for an instant at the perigee of its dive, pulled out of the dive, and disappeared over the houses on my right. The rice bowl crashed to the paving stones. The

young man stood in astonishment with the piece of fresh meat in his hand. The raptor had missed its strike.

My most exciting hunting moment came toward dusk one evening as Robert and I were trying for a few ducks to supplement our depleted larder. I had recently watched many formations of migrating grey geese and had wished that one would come within range of my shotgun, but my wish had not been granted. On this occasion I was watching Robert, a few hundred yards ahead of me, stalking some large[286] yellow sheldrakes.[287] Looking up I saw seven grey geese not more than fifteen feet from the ground and coming toward me in a perfect "V" formation at the speed of an express train. I froze and was involuntarily motionless until the geese were almost upon me. I then raised my

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286 End of Manuscript page 121.

287 Any of several Old World ducks of the genus Tadorna, certain species of which have highly variegated plumage.

shotgun and fired. The formation turned abruptly and gained altitude almost as if they had been caught in the updraft of a tornado. I pivoted and fired again at their rear, but they were soon distant specks having lost not a single feather.

* * *

When the college first arrived in Hsichow, food was cheap. The local currency was the old nickel five-cent piece.[288] One missionary lady who had brought her son to school in Tali, not long before our arrival had been robbed and stripped. The highwaymen permitted her to keep one garment and a wash basin. With this equipment she reached the home of a friend where she rested, returned to her home, and started out once more.

Our second night was spent in a small town in a valley graced by many sulphur springs. The hot water gushed from the ground and the rising steam

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288 End of Manuscript page 122.

produced an eerie landscape in the failing light. Peculiarly, this valley had an unusually high incidence of leprosy. Lepers were, to some extent, segregated. When the rice mills were not in operation they were used as residences by the outcast lepers. Here they raised chickens primarily for their eggs, which were not eaten by others in the valley who believed both the chicken meat and eggs to be a means of transmission of the disease. If a man had an enemy he wished to punish, he would have the lepers raise a chicken and invite the enemy to a feast where his bowl would contain the meat of that chicken. It was believed that this was a sure means of contracting the disease. We bought our eggs cheaply here but I must confess to some apprehension in eating them especially when townspeople were present and inquired why we would subject ourselves to such risk.

In this town the chief military man, who also held the title of chief of police, had a severe case of

scabies. Advice was sought from Mr. Andrews[289] since it was widely believed that missionaries were able to cure all manner of disease. Andrews suggested that the most efficacious cure for scabies[290] was readily available in the town's sulphur springs[291] and the best of these was thereafter made available to the police chief alone.

In Likiang[292] I found, in addition to the Andrews family, A Dutch woman missionary and an American scientist studying the religion of the native tribe; a subject on which he was currently writing a book.

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289 Not previously identified.

290 Scabies is an allergic reaction to an infestation of the outer layers of the skin by a mite. Sulphur preparations are an effective cure. As of 2010 about 100 million persons (1.5% of the world's population) were affected by scabies.

291 End of Manuscript page 123.

292 Now known as "Li Kiang"; 22° 50' 00" N, 108° 06' 00" E; in the Chinese province of Guangxi immediately to the east of Yunnan Province in southwestern China. The nearest large city is Hanoi, Vietnam.

The country around this mountain peak is wild and the home of the Giant Panda. Juvenile Pandas had been brought to our biology department by farmers from this area. Panda skins were for sale at the local market. The native population is primarily of the Nashi[293] tribe and their religion is nearly pure Shamanism.[294] Their

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293 Now "Nakhi". The Nakhi form one of the 56 ethnic groups officially recognized by the Peoples Republic of China and inhabit the foothills of the Himalayas in the northwestern part of China's Yunnan Province. Along with Bai and Tibetans, the Nakhi traded over the dangerous overland trading links with Lhasa and India, on the so-called Tea and Horse Caravan routes. They were brought to the attention of the Western world by two men: the American botanist Joseph Rock and the Russian traveler and writer Peter Goulart, both of whom lived in Lijiang and travelled throughout the area during the early 20th century. Peter Goulart's book *Forgotten Kingdom* describes the life and beliefs of the Nakhi and neighboring peoples, while Joseph Rock's legacy includes diaries, maps, and photographs of the region, many of which were published in National Geographic. The two were friends and left the region together when the Communist troops came in.

294 Spiritual practice involving a "shaman" i.e. a person regarded as having the ability to enter into altered states of consciousness and, thereby, to interact with

language is called No Su.[295] A small percentage of the people are Chinese. Tibetans find a market here for their goods. Here, for the first time, I came in contact with large numbers of Tibetans and became acquainted with a few of them. Tibetans come yearly to Tali for the market fair where they sell herbs, roots, bark, and skins gathered during the year. In Likiang, Tibetans trade regularly and constantly, bartering and buying throughout the year.

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the world of benevolent and malevolent spirits.

295 Yinuo Nosu is a distinct language within the larger Nosu group in southern China. The Nosu are officially considered part of the Yi nationality. There are numerous subgroups and clans among the Nosu. One study reports "24 nationalities of Black Nosu Yi in the Liang Shan." The Yinuo Nosu took slaves and fought against the Chinese authorities and other Nosu groups for centuries, until they were disarmed and the slave system was abolished by the Communists when the PLA arrived in 1956. Still today, the Yinuo Nosu remain an aggressive and fierce people. People still today are very much aware of which caste they are from, and marriages between the castes, still in 21st century, are rather an exception although there are a few among the more educated people.

According to the reports I was able to substantiate, the Nashi people suffer from their old customs, especially in marriage relationships. Nashi women and girls are readily recognized by their costumes which include a black sheepskin cape featuring seven white embroidered disks (representing the seven planets visible to the unaided eye) at the neck (and occasionally including disks for the sun and moon at the shoulders) and a lining of heavy black cloth imported from Italy. The cape includes cloth strips that are tied across the chest and then tied again at the back. The ties are made of hand woven and embroidered cloth. No Nashi woman or girl would be seen in public without her cape. Nashi men are dressed[296] much like the typical Chinese farmer.

Parents betroth and marry [off] their offspring while they are still young children. Typically, there is no love or understanding

[296] End of Manuscript page 124.

between the couple. Love outside of marriage frequently occurs, often with fatal results. Adulterers leave the village together with all the food and supplies they can carry. They set up camp and build a shelter in the wilderness on the mountainside. There they live together until their supplies are exhausted and, knowing that they cannot return to their village or prior lives, they prepare a tea of deadly nightshade[297] and die together.

Very little missionary work of any kind has as yet been done among the Nashi people. Missionaries who find their way into this region spend their time with the Chinese minority. The religious faith of the Nashi is unusually concrete. Their priests, known as Dong-ba[298], regularly

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297 Atropa belladonna commonly known as belladonna or deadly nightshade, is a perennial herbaceous plant in the family Solanaceae, native to Europe, North Africa, Western Asia, and some parts of Canada and the United States. The foliage and berries are extremely toxic, containing tropane alkaloids.

perform wondrous feats. Their practice of drinking boiling water can be explained, at least in part, by the ten-thousand-foot altitude.[299] Less explicable are the Dong-ba's handling and walking upon glowing charcoal. While such feats produce more wonder than faith, the latter is found in persons who enter into a trance and are then believed to be possessed by a spirit. The spirit speaks through the possessed person and other Nashi make confession to him or her. The spirit host (who is viewed as having the powers and personality; beneficent or malevolent, of the spirit being) takes on the sins of the Nashi people and, not unlike the scapegoat of the

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298 The Dongba are Bon priests, a sect of Tibetan Buddhism which arose in the eleventh century. The priests play a major role in Nakhi society, preaching harmony between man and nature. The core of the Dongba religion is a belief that man and nature are half-brothers born of two mothers and the same father. Divine judgment falls on humans who engage in the profligate use of natural resources.

299 Water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit at sea level. At 10,000 feet, water boils at about 194°F.

Hebrews,[300] is driven from the community into the[301] wilderness.

The scientist I previously mentioned as my overnight guest on his trip to Likiang, returned my hospitality when I happened to be in his vicinity for two days by taking me hunting on one of the lakes in the region. Since the waterfowl on the lake had no experience with firearms, the hunting itself was effortless and I was able to exchange for each spent shotgun round, a plump duck. It was too easy and seemed almost dishonorable.[302]

Another lake, located about ten miles from the city, which I had admired on the way to Likiang with the spectacular reflection in its nearly circular surface of the snow-capped mountain peaks of the Himalayas, possessed a singular peculiarity. More than three miles in diameter, the lake was

300 See Leviticus 16: 8-10.

301 End of Manuscript page 125.

302 End of Manuscript page 126.

populated with sailboats and fishing villages along its shore. A traveler arriving at sunset might admire the lake's beauty and activity before retiring to his camp and awaken the next morning to find the lake gone. Not diminished but entirely absent leaving only an extensive, debris littered and defoliated, valley in its place. On the next day (or the day after) the traveler might awaken to find that the lake has returned to its original situation and position. Local residents propose that this phenomenon results from a subterranean connection between the lake and another, larger, body of water but no such connection has been discovered.[303]

Another part of my short stay in Likiang was spent riding on horseback to and through the villages that lie just below the snow line and then, on to the snow line itself. Most of the scenery is

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303 Disappearing lakes of the type described in the text are often found in areas underlain by Karst geology; soluble limestone formations that are also characterized by such features as sinkholes.

indescribable but at an elevation between twelve and fourteen thousand feet I found a feature the minimalism of which was itself remarkable. At this point, although within the mountain's glacial moraine where boulders and rocks of all size from that of a large house to a single grain of sand are deposited at random by the retreating ice, I found an extensive area of level ground without a single boulder or other impediment. "What a natural aircraft landing field!" I exclaimed and Mr. Andrews, my companion on the expedition responded in the affirmative and informed me that this area had been so used.

On the homeward journey to Hsichow, I traveled with a single companion, a stranger to me whom I had hired to lead my pack mule. He spoke very little Chinese (and, of course, no western language) but with signs and gestures we were able to understand each other after a fashion.[304] Before

[304] End of Manuscript page 127.

setting out we heard numerous tales of robberies, murders, and vicious animal attacks along our intended route. The small village where we spent the first night filled me with fear. My companion communicated with signs that the villagers themselves conspired with the robbers and murderers. In the inn where we spent the night, the other travelers spent the night smoking opium. The next morning, we started before daylight, and I must have been a sight; riding ahead with my carbine ready for action lying across my left forearm with my finger ready on the trigger. Mentally I was prepared for any adversity, and it seemed that every bush, tree, gulley, and turn in the road concealed a human or animal attacker I was determined to shoot before it sprang or shot at me. However, within a short time my fingers were stiff and swollen with the cold and it is doubtful that I could have managed any shot much less an accurate one at a moving target. And the truth was that I never

did become proficient with a carbine. Either the bullet was too heavy, or my judgment of distances was poor.

By afternoon we had come down from the mountain and were crossing a broad plain in which water stood in unplowed rice fields. The air had warmed, and the sun was hot on our faces. The warmth combined with the previous hours of hyper-vigilance produced a soporific effect. I was sleepy. My horse nodded and stumbled. The entire countryside seemed to be asleep.

On a pathway between the rice-fields, not thirty yards from where I was riding, a large yellow duck stood on one leg: its head under one wing, asleep. I did not need to urge my horse to be still; he was nearly asleep himself. I crept cautiously to a hillock by the side of the road and lay by my side with the carbine pointed at the sleeping duck. I took my time making calculations- the target was

sleeping so there was no need to hurry. When all was ready, I pulled the trigger. The whole countryside awoke. My horse bolted and was gone. Wild fowl by the hundreds rose[305] screaming into the air. The duck which was my target flew away apparently no more concerned than his fellows.

The route by which I returned lay through a countryside of many sinkholes; reminding me of eastern Pennsylvania where "retreat mining" has allowed whole mountainsides to collapse.[306] Some

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305 End of Manuscript page 128.

306 Most underground coal is mined by the "room and pillar" method, in which "rooms" are cut into the coal bed leaving a series of "pillars", or columns of coal, to help support the mine roof and control the flow of air. Generally, rooms are 20-30 feet wide and the pillars up to 100 feet wide. As mining advances, a grid-like pattern of rooms and pillars is formed. Workers drive bolts up to eight feet long into the roof of each room to keep the rock above the coal seam from falling in. When mining advances to the end of a panel or to the property line, "retreat mining" begins. In retreat mining, the workers mine as much coal as possible from the remaining pillars until the roof falls in. When retreat mining is completed, the mined area is abandoned.

of the surface subsidence on my route was quite new having occurred during the period since my ride north. One pathway we had taken without incident a few days earlier now ended abruptly at the edge of a precipice.

On the way up a steep mountainside, I saw ahead of me what appeared to be two Chinese women. In traditional dress and from the rear it is not always possible to distinguish men from women. As is true of gender, so of tribe and dialect: only a conversation, face-to-face will be dispositive. Accordingly, I let my horse walk behind for a considerable distance until the pair deigned to notice me. Custom dictates that when a person walking notices a rider, the latter dismounts and I did so.

I addressed the pair in Mandarin, and they responded in the same language. They were young women; less than eighteen years of age, and their

fearless manner taught me that they had previous experience with foreigners. Though wearing Chinese garb, they were not ethnic Chinese. I soon learned that they journeyed to Kunming to enter a French Catholic college there. They had walked more than fifty miles and had twice that distance remaining before they reached a location where they might obtain a ride on the top of a loaded truck.[307]

The older of the two women told me that she had completed this journey semi-annually for the previous six years in preparation for enrollment in the college. The two were travelling without company or protection apart from two coolie[308] women they had hired to carry their baggage. We

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307 End of Manuscript page 129.

308 Although now frequently employed as a racial slur, especially in South Africa, the term "coolie" was, during the 19th and early 20th Centuries, a neutral label applied to manual laborers and bearers from southern China, the Indian sub-continent, the Philippines, and Indonesia.

travelled together for two days. In the evening of the second day, a steady rain having set in and being close to my destination, I left them and rode on. The first night of our travel together, which we spent in the village of the sulphur hot springs, was a notable experience for a Western man traveling with two tribal women.

As we neared the village, the coolie women met two acquaintances similarly engaged in carrying baggage and we were, therefore, a party of seven as we arrived at dusk at the only inn having available space. The six women and I were assigned a room used for the storage of grain. My presence assured the inn keeper that the grain was in no danger and the women desired my presence as some protection against the drinking and opium smoking carousers in the adjoining rooms of the inn. No doors could be locked.

The college women were to sleep on the grain bins, and I occupied myself while they made their preparations. When the coolie women gave no sign of going to bed, I unfolded my cot in a corner and went to sleep. I was awakened in the night by some movement in the room. When I opened my eyes in the half- light, I saw one of the coolie women sitting upright on the floor. The evidence revealed that the bearers had brought with them no bedding and, at night, simply bedded down on the bare floor after removing their thick, coat-like, garment; the only garment they wore, and using it as a blanket cover.[309]

The following night the two college women and their bearers were guests in my home. On leaving, they presented to me as a gift a large pat of butter. What a treat! Butter is scarce everywhere in China but in this section of the country, near Tibet and Burma, some butter and cheese are produced. The cheese is made in thin sheets, not much thicker

309 End of Manuscript page 130.

than wrapping paper, which is consumed by cutting into smaller pieces, dropping the pieces into hot oil, and lifting it out immediately. Salt is then sprinkled over the pieces of cheese, and they are eaten like crackers. Quite delicious.

Butter is another matter. Much of it is made of yak milk churned in a container made of yak-hide turned hair side in. In this container the butter is left to ripen. Good, rich yak butter, streaked with green mold, can be smelled for half a mile in a favorable wind. Butter made from the cream skimmed from the milk of the local, humped yellow cow is much the same in texture and odor.

The eagerness of the two college women for an education is not an isolated phenomenon. During the previous summer I had been asked to admit a student who had been prepared for higher education by a missionary acting as a tutor. Since we admit students only on examination, some

means had to be found to administer the test. We wrote that he must come to the college to take the examination. It was only after I had graded the examination and had called the prospect into my office to inform him that he had failed, that I found out that he had walked more than four hundred miles to take the examination. He smiled, said he would return home and prepare for another year and then return to try again.[310]

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310 End of Manuscript page 130.

Chapter IX

Food

When the college first came to Hsichow, food was cheap. The local currency was the old nickel five-cent piece of the early Chinese Republic. The small brass coin known as "cash" with the square hole in the center was still in use. A dollar bill was not acceptable. It took more than a month before paper money was trusted at all and then only the one-dollar bill with the picture of Sun Yat-sen[311] on its face could be exchanged at the local money changer's booth.

A small chicken, about the size of a leghorn, could be purchased for twenty cents in the local currency. A measure of rice, about nine pounds in weight, was priced at thirty cents. A day's wages for a laborer were twenty cents while a skilled

311 Sun Yat-sen; 12 November 1866 – 12 March 1925, was a Chinese revolutionary, first president and founding father of the Republic of China (1912–49), and medical practitioner. As the foremost pioneer of the Republic of China, Sun is referred to as the "Father of the Nation" and the "forerunner of democratic revolution" in the People's Republic of China.

mechanic could command thirty cents. Other commodities were priced proportionately. Two years later the same sized chicken cost twelve dollars and a dollar bill was small change. Fives and tens were all the rage. War economics and inflation had caught up with us.

The local people had herds of cows. They were used largely for draft purposes but since fats of any kind were scarce and in demand, butter and cheese were prepared. In addition, the college created a demand for milk. There was no accepted measure for this product, which was sold by the rice bowl-full though the size of the bowls varied. Demand for milk soon exceeded the supply and water was added to dilute the product. Higher prices were offered for an undiluted product but, before long, water again appeared. It was a troublesome affair.

Soon after I arrived, a Ming-Chia[312] woman from a village at some distance from ours, came to sell me milk. My servant, apparently hoping for some "squeeze" from the transaction, urged me to purchase my milk supply from this woman. I had two one-liter milk cans I had purchased in Indochina. I agreed to purchase one liter per day for one dollar and the woman took one empty milk can with her each day, returning it the next day filled with milk. However, she did not have sufficient cows to produce this quantity regularly. It is reported that it takes three Chinese cows to feed one western baby. I showed the woman my hydrometer[313] and explained how, with it, I could

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312 A school of ancient Chinese philosophy that logically analyzed the relationship between the name and essence of a thing.

313 An instrument used to measure the specific gravity (or relative density) of liquids; that is, the ratio of the density of the liquid to the density of water. A hydrometer is usually made of glass and consists of a cylindrical stem and a bulb weighted with mercury or lead shot to make it float upright.

detect even a small dilution with water. To assure my own milk supply, I purchased a cow for her and had good milk throughout my stay in Hsichow. She expected to pay off the cow by charging me one-half of the agreed milk price, but money was still owed when I left on furlough.

While on my ten-day vacation I instructed my servant to collect all the milk deliveries in a large earthenware jug. When I returned, I had ten liters of thick milk which I made into cottage cheese. Feeling the urge to experiment, I put the cottage cheese in the kitchen, added some native butter and allowed the mixture to ripen. A green mold appeared, and I set the cheese in a storeroom on an earthen floor. In due time I invited several couples to tea, and I was delighted when the ladies asked me where I had been able to obtain such quality Roquefort cheese.

Communion services proved to be a problem. We held the services in the college chapel, a former Buddhist temple where we had covered the idols with blue denim. The Episcopal group used a common cup for the Eucharist. The other groups planned for a communion service for the whole college. The Episcopal students and rector joined in, just as the others took part in the Episcopal service. We wanted an individual communion service. A Scottish lady found some Chinese wine cups on market day. To me was left the task of providing the trays. Anyone with a sense of humor would have enjoyed the picture I presented in assembling the trays. All day Saturday and until after one o'clock on Sunday morning, I worked on the trays with the help of the carpenter who was engaged in working on my house. It was after midnight and there I was, a Christian minister, holding a lantern in a Buddhist temple so that a Mohammedan carpenter might put the finishing

touches to the tray for the communion service of a group of Christians scheduled for a few hours later in another Buddhist temple. But trays were not the only problem. Wine was not obtainable. Various substitutes had been tried. The local rice distillate was too strong and tasted like nothing so much as moldy straw. Besides, it has no color. Tea was the best substitute but rather insipid when cold and in a small cup. Sugar water was similarly unacceptable. While walking, I noticed some berries on a vine that proved to be black raspberries. I asked the women and children of my little village to pick raspberries for me. I paid them a good price and in due time we had real wine for our communion services.

Sugar was scarce. It is a local product made from cane. The syrup is boiled down in round-bottom kettles. When it solidifies, the sugar is dark brown and truly solid. In order to be used, it must first be broken into pieces with a hatchet or cleaver.

The cleaver is best. One hand on the handle the other on the front end of the knife and the whole weight of the body exerting pressure enables one to slice off a thin wedge. The only other form of sugar available is old-fashioned rock candy.

Salt is provided in 150-pound lumps produced by evaporating brine pumped from wells.

Honey is comparatively plentiful. My first purchase was from a countryman who brought two large jars of solid white honey. I had never seen it in such quantities, although I had seen the white product in small glass jars in Indochina. I bought one jar from this farmer and had 120 pounds of honey on hand. The elderly American living with me ate it with a fork. I had it cut like blocks of butter for the table, but he liked sweets.

Such an amount of honey on hand was like too much money in the pocket. I began to plan how to use it. I had a faint recollection of a college

history course in which the professor had lectured on ancient foods and drinks. I thought, why not try to make some mead? See how it tastes and whether it could be usable at communion. It might even be potable. While I did not particularly care for alcoholic beverages and had been long trained against their use, I have many good Christian friends who did not have such training and had developed their palates in such matters.

So, I took about ten pounds of honey, melted it, stirred in an equal volume of milk, and set this by the fire where it would stay warm. After two weeks I took the cover off the earthenware jar. Nothing had happened. I added some yeast. Things began to happen, and they kept on happening for six months. After that I bottled the fluid and fermentation continued slowly for another six months. Just before returning to America, I opened a bottle at a tea given in my honor. The connoisseurs declared they had never before tasted such nectar. Beyond

the slight taste of honey, they declared the drink had the bouquet of each of the flowers the bees had visited in gathering the pollen.

Which brings me to the subject of yeast. The native variety evidently exists in the mash from which rice wine is made. Some local people are able to produce a fair bread by using rice wine as a "starter." I was fortunate on one of my trips to Rangoon to procure a tin of dried English hops. After several tries, I had a potent and palatable yeast.

Buckwheat grows in this region in a variety that is white in the husk. I made sour dough buckwheat cakes whenever I wanted them. Pancakes are a great favorite with the Chinese, even with the rice eaters. On one occasion I had a picnic in the grove outside my temple/home for the children of the faculty members. Their mothers came to keep an eye on them. I prepared a large

kettle of chicken rice soup. When this meal had been eaten and the children had tired of their play, I asked "How would you like to have some pancakes now?" They all cried out the equivalent of "Yea-bo!" I happened to have some baking powder at that time so I stood over the griddle for the next two hours while the youngsters lined up and downed the cakes as fast as I could make them.

I learned from local cooks how to bake bread without an oven and also how to produce acceptable steamed bread made of rice flour. Ovenless baking is accomplished by means of a large bellied, earthenware jar on which mud is plastered sufficient to hold the considerable heat of a charcoal fire constructed inside the jar. When the fire dies down to coals, strips of bread dough are laid on the baker's palm, wetted, then plastered on the inside of the jar. When the loaves are done, they drop off and are caught with a pair of fire tongs.

During our first year in Hsichow, we had an unusual amount of rain at the wrong time- while the rice was in bloom. There was less than half the usual crop of rice that year; a very serious situation initially blamed on the village elders and their granting of permission for the entry of foreigners and the introduction of education. What interested me was a composition by one of the English teachers which included: "in Hsichow we have two kinds of weather: rainy weather and wet weather. In the rainy weather it rains every day all day. In the wet weather it rains every day."

Actually, Hsichow has a very temperate climate. Its seasons are governed by the monsoons which blow in from the Bay of Bengal. One can purchase locally almost any kind of food grown in temperate climates.

Chapter X

The Burma Road Redux

One of the questions I am frequently asked concerns the extent and quality of the paving on the Burma Road. What a question! The road as I knew it before the Japanese controlled the Burma end, was totally unpaved. It was just a dirt track, winding through small villages and over high mountains. Grades are steep. Mud and dust are deep. Hairpin turns are plentiful. There are no guardrails and at places the road is elevated, along a mountainside, by stacking loose stones to create a dry (without mortar) wall. The continuous passing of trucks loosens many of these stones. Often an unwary driver has fallen to the bottom of a thousand-foot precipice. With great care, two trucks are usually able to pass each other.

One day, in Hsia Kwan[314], as I was about to leave for Lashic[315], an American gentleman, his wife, and another lady desired to go with my

314 A Harbor in Nanking, China.

315 The reference is unclear and may refer to Lhasa in Tibet.

companion and I in caravan. We each had a truck, but my companion and I were delayed a day obtaining permits for traveling on this militarily controlled road. One also had to pay for the privilege of traverse. The other truck proceeded with a driver and on the way, while ascending a steep slope, encountered another truck coming down. It was a tight squeeze, both drivers became excited, and the rear ends of the trucks became interlocked, stopping both trucks. Each driver blamed the other, a contest which ended with the descending truck shoving into low gear and driving off. The driver unsuccessfully attempted to jump, and the truck and three Americans lay at the bottom of a ravine about 500 feet deep measured from the roadside. One lady was dead; the other had a broken hip. The man suffered many less serious injuries.

Through the night and for more than eighteen hours they received no help. The truck

was not visible to passing vehicles traveling the road and there were no pedestrians. When the man finally made it to the road, he had great difficulty inducing anyone to stop and render aid due to the fear of bandits.

On one of my trips to Kunming before the bus was converted to a power plant, I carried three Swiss Catholic priests as passengers. On the mountain passes near the Tibetan border they had constructed a hospice along the lines of the one at the Great St. Bernard Pass[316]. Indeed, they were training St. Bernard dogs to assist in their work and

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316 Located at an elevation of 8,100 feet., the Great St. Bernard Pass is the third highest road pass in Switzerland connecting Martigny in that country with Aosta in Italy (near the entrance of the Mt. Blanc tunnel). A hospice for travelers was established by Saint Bernard of Menthon in 1049. The hospice later became famous for its use of St. Bernard dogs, bred by the monks, in rescuing lost travelers. About 2,000 travelers were rescued during the 18th and 19th Centuries. The monks continue to breed these dogs today although most travel through the region is by automobile.

were also experimenting with Tibetan mastiffs, which are slightly smaller but quite fierce, with a low bark, and a coat that best resembles the heaviest fleece of brown or black sheep's wool.

One of the priests had a heart condition and could not endure the altitude. He was lying on a cot in the bus. My remaining load consisted of the other two priests and their baggage. At Yunnan Yi[317] where we stopped for lunch near a local airfield, an American aviator and his wife decided to travel with me to Kunming. Halfway up the mountain, a peak of 7,000 feet, it began to rain. I drove slowly as it was most difficult just to keep within the road's track. The surface was clay and shale on which the tires could find little purchase. Coming down the

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317 The Yi are a large ethnic group in Southwestern China. For more information see Perspectives on the Yi of Southwest China, edited by Steven Harrell ISBN 0-520-21988-0 (2001 by the Regents of the University of California). The manuscript appears to be referring to a particular place to which no reference has been found.

other side the road leveled off and I thought that I could safely manage about twenty miles per hour. A sudden curve showed me my mistake.

The road curved very sharply to the right at the edge of a cliff and precipice of more than 500 feet. The roadway at the curve, instead of sloping toward the mountainside to assist vehicles in maintaining centripetal force, had been constructed to drain water from the cliff face to a gutter at the edge of the precipice which, at the middle of the turn, ran the water to the edge of the cliff and over. When I reached the turn at twenty miles per hour, I applied my brakes, downshifted, and did everything else I could think of to reduce speed, but it was to no appreciable effect. Nothing stopped the mad careening and I realized that, in a few seconds, we would be over the edge of the cliff. So, I did what I never thought possible. Turning into the ditch, I quickly and forcefully yanked the steering wheel in the opposite direction and laid the bus

neatly on its side. It scraped along the bank to within five feet of the edge of the cliff before coming to a complete stop. It was raining. A monsoon had arrived.

My passengers were shaken up but not seriously hurt. The sick man gave me some concern, but he was not injured. The aviator and I got out in the rain and began the task of righting the bus. It took us three hours. We could find no large stones. So, with our tire irons we dug trenches for the wheels on the highway side and gradually worked the bus to an almost upright position. Just at dusk a military transport truck arrived with a driver willing to give us a tow where other previous drivers had refused. I held my breath as our truck began to move. My passengers were even more frightened for, from their vantage point, they could see what I could not- that the left front wheel went over the edge of the cliff as the truck eased out of

the ditch. I felt the jarring motion but did not bother to speculate as to its cause.

With passengers inside again and all windows on one side broken, we followed the truck which had towed us from calamity. Three miles further on and still about three thousand feet in elevation, the truck we were following came to an abrupt halt and, therefore, so did we. In front of us both was a long line of trucks unable to cross a torrent about thirty feet deep and created by the ongoing monsoon.

Chapter XI

Home

The American consul in Rangoon was glad to do his best to assist me in procuring passage for America.[318] Americans in the Far East had been advised to return to the United States unless their stay abroad was essential. With all of the help I could enlist, it took weeks before I was able to secure passage of any kind. After a long series of cancellations, I was given ten hours' notice to be on a ship then lying in the port of Rangoon. My problem was solved! I did not wait for the expiration of the ten hours but called a taxi at once. Just as I was stepping into the taxi, a secretary came from the mission office of the Baptist compound where I had been a guest and told me that I had received a telephone call. The voice at the other end of the line told me that the Dutch government had, within the past several minutes, commandeered the

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318 The American counsel at the time was Austin C. Brady. See Randall Brink, Lost Star, The Search for Amelia Earhart page 128 (W.W. Norton & Co. 1993) ISBN 0-393-31311-5.

ship on which I had secured passage. The ship was being unloaded where it lay at anchor and was to leave in ballast.[319]

I had already paid for my ticket, and I was told that I would be given the first possible accommodation.

When I had once more unpacked my suitcase, I was again called to the telephone by the Rest House at Maymyo[320]. A young missionary doctor who had been doing splendid work in the extreme southwest corner of Yunnan Province, a wild and primitive country, had drowned while crossing a stream on horseback. His wife and three small children (the oldest was four years of age) were in Maymyo and needed someone to assist them

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319 Having only ballast for a load.

320 Now known as Pyin Oo Lwin, a scenic hill town in the Mandalay Region of Myanmar. The Battle of Maymo, fought in March 1768, was the final battle and the end of the Third Qing Invasion of Burma during the Sino-Burmese War (1765–69)

returning to America. I was asked if I would be willing to[321] help?

The mother and children arrived in due time. The children and I became acquainted. Someone had to be their father figure and I had plenty of time on my hands. There were still more weeks of delay. The mother's emergency need procured for her a passage, by plane, to Singapore. I was given passage on a four-thousand-ton Norwegian ship to Singapore at almost the same time. I was given no assurance of travel from that point. However, there was every chance that some American ship stopping at Singapore might have a vacancy.

In Singapore I found the mother and babies suffering from the heat. Twenty-four hours after I arrived, we had passage on a cattle boat to Surabaya[322], Java[323] where we had been ordered to

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321 End of Manuscript page 154.

322 In the Manuscript text the spelling is "Serabaja" with handwritten annotations.

proceed by the company that had originally sold us passage. The ship to which we were assigned carried pigs from Bali to Singapore along with other livestock and their associated aromas. I thought that my residence in China had inured me to odors of all kinds, but this passage proved me mistaken. The babies were soon ill from the stench, as were the mother and two other woman passengers.

Just outside the harbor of Singapore, another ship (the registry of which I will not here reveal) approached us on the starboard side and we approached on their port side.[324] The pilot of

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323 Currently the capital of Java Timor (East Java) and once the largest city in the Dutch East Indies, Surabaya is known as the "city of heroes" on account of its significance in galvanizing the Indonesian independence movement and international support for that movement during the Battle of Surabaya.

324 The universal rule then and now is that all powerboats must give way to another boat on your starboard (right). Moreover, when two boats under power approach head on, both vessels must alter course to starboard to pass port-side to port-side. Finally, when two vessels are in a crossing situation on a collision course the vessel to port must give way

neither ship would yield by so much as a turn of the spoke of his wheel. The result was that the bow of the other ship collided with ours amidships, smashing the awnings and caving in the steel hull so that the starboard side of our ship looked very much like a can of peas that has dropped from a rather high shelf. There was an extended exchange of[325] vigorous verbiage, in various languages and dialects. After we had been cut apart and the wreckage either stowed inboard or thrown overboard, we departed on our separate courses with little mutual respect.

I had stood on the top deck, near the stern of the ship, a witness to the whole complicated event. Long before the other ship neared ours and while there was ample time to maneuver so as to avoid the collision, the crew of that ship stood ready for a

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to the vessel to starboard by taking early and obvious action either by stopping or altering course to starboard.

325 End of Manuscript page 155.

crash. My only thought was that they simply could not resist the smell of unroasted pork that surrounded our vessel like a fog.

Twenty-eight days in Surabaya gave me plenty of opportunity to indulge my passion for childcare. Two other families joined our group and were scheduled to sail on the same boat with us. One of these families had come from the Near East[326] the other from Calcutta.[327] Promised passage was

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326 The Near East is a term that has largely fallen out of favor and has been replaced by the Middle East. The term originally applied to the maximum extent of the Ottoman Empire including Armenia, Azerbaijan, Bahrain, Cyprus, Egypt, the Gaza Strip, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Jordon, Kuwait, Lebanon, Libya, Oman, Palestine, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Syria, Turkey, the United Arab Emirates, the West Bank, and Yemen.

327 Now known as Kolkata, the city formerly named Calcutta is the capital of the Indian State of West Bengal. The port of Kolkata is India's oldest operating port and its sole riverine port. Calcutta was the capital of the British held territories in India until 1911 when growing nationalism in Bengal forced the capital to be relocated to New Delhi. Calcutta was the center of the Indian independence movement and remains a political hotbed.

repeatedly extended then cancelled. Dutch officials were uneasy. A German submarine sank one ship, on which we had been promised passage that was later refused the day before she sailed, between the Galapagos Islands[328] and the Panama Canal.

Finally, we did get passage on a large and beautiful Dutch cargo ship. Its voyage through the Flores[329] and Coral Seas[330] down the Australian

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328 An archipelago of volcanic islands located on either side of the equator about 563 miles west of the continent of Ecuador of which they are a province and, together with their surrounding waters, a national park. The Galapagos Islands were made famous by the account of Charles Darwin in his book *The Voyage of the Beagle* in which he attributed his observations of the islands' endemic species to his theory of natural selection..

329 The Flores Sea encompasses about 93,000 square miles of water in Indonesia.

330 The Coral Sea is a marginal sea in the South Pacific off the northeastern coast of Australia. It contains the Great Barrier Reef, declared a World Heritage Site by UNESCO in 1981. The Battle of the Coral Sea was a naval battle in the Pacific Theater of WWII fought between May 4-8, 1942, between the Imperial forces of Japan and forces from the United States and Australia. This battle was the first in which aircraft

coast, inside the Great Coral[331] Reef, through the islands where our army and navy were so soon to perform such tremendous labors and where so many of our boys were to give their lives; all of this yielded sufficient material for a volume of its own. Suffice it to say that, as for me, I became a proficient child's nurse. The baby was now ten months old and the mother, very ill with malaria, was under the constant care of the ship's physician.[332]

Honolulu was unaware of our presence until we sailed past Diamond Head[333] at four o'clock in

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carriers engaged each other and was a tactical victory for the Japanese but a strategic victory for the Allies as the first successful attempt in the war to halt a major Japanese advance.

331 Now "Barrier".

332 End of Manuscript page 156.

333 A volcanic tuff or ash cone on the Hawaiian Island of Oahu known to the indigenous people by a variety of names all of which refer to the shape of the promontory as resembling the dorsal fin of a tuna. The English name refers to the calcite crystals on the adjacent beach that 19th Century British sailors believed were diamonds.

the morning and by six o'clock we were met by a representative of the Harbor Master whom we informed that our potable water supply was exhausted. We were supplied within a few hours. All of this was shortly before the Japanese attack on the Pacific Fleet anchored at Pearl Harbor.[334]

In San Francisco, I made the rounds of the various shipping offices asking for letters that I expected to find. There were no letters. I was unaware of the fact that each letter I had written had been so thoroughly censured by the War Office that the home folks had not the faintest inkling of the fact that I was arriving home. I was worried. Had something happened at home that no one wished to communicate? Without sending a telegram and without further delay, I took a train to Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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334 December 7, 1941: the day that lives in infamy.

Arriving in Lancaster at six o'clock in the morning, I found my name and a new address in the telephone directory. I picked up the phone and dialed my number. A sleepy woman's voice answered, and I responded: "How about some breakfast?" My wife's voice, full of doubt and hope: "Is this . . .. "Before she completed the question, I replied: "I'll be there," and hung up. A taxi was waiting. Soon I was ringing the doorbell of a second-floor apartment I had never before seen. The door opened.

At the top of the stairs stood a tall young woman in a dressing gown. A mass of beautiful hair falling over her shoulders gave off a reddish-blond sheen in the dim light of the upstairs hallway. Abashed and confused, I turned to leave because I was certain that I had made some mistake in disturbing a household of strangers. Just then my wife's head appeared. She said, "It is!"

With that exclamation the tall young woman came bounding down the stairs, threw her arms around me and cried, "Daddy!" Who could she be? A strange daughter of whom I had not heard? Our older daughter who should have been away at college? That must be it. She was home on an unexpected visit. So, I put my arm about the clinging girl, and in an over-emotional tone, I spoke her name, "Jane!!" She drew away, hurt and exclaiming, "I'm not Jane, I'm Nancy." This could not be. Nancy was a slender, little eight-year-old whom I had last seen in a Tuberculosis sanitarium during my previous furlough now almost five years ago. But it was she. Never before had I been so completely overwhelmed.

Afterward:

In 2005, my Aunt Jane Slabaugh, Rev. Taylor's older daughter who appears at several points in the text just concluded, invited my wife Bonnie and I to attend with her a meeting of the members and guests of the Kuling American School Association (KASA) in New Haven, Connecticut. As the text above makes clear, the Kuling American School[335] served the children of American missionaries throughout the period covered by the text. KASA was formed by graduates of the school in 1938 and remains a vital organization connecting the children and grandchildren of KAS students with each other and with the school itself.

The meeting of KASA in 2005 centered on two matters: (1) the process for the donation of papers descriptive of the missionary efforts in

[335] Another institution, called the Chefoo School, for the children of British missionaries, was created in the treaty port of Chefoo. (now Yantai) in 1881. Both schools closed in 1942 after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. In 1947, after the Second World War, the Chefoo School took over the then vacant Kuling American School facilities where it remained until the evacuation from China of all Westerners in 1951. Two American students schooled at Chefoo were Henry Luce, who later established the Time-Life-Fortune magazines, and Pulitzer Prize-winning author, Thornton Wilder (*The Bridge of San Louis Rey; Our Town;* and *The Skin of our Teeth).*

China to the Yale Divinity School archive then being formalized; and (2) the planning of a trip by attendees and others to Mt. Lushan and the former KAS properties in China. In Connecticut we met Moon Dehua, the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Mt. Lushan including the former KAS properties. Moon assisted at every stage in our plans for traveling to China and in the trip itself.

The trip to China occurred in May 2007 with my wife and I as participants along with about forty former KAS students and their offspring. The trip was a highlight of our lives. We were met on Mt. Lushan by hundreds of brightly uniformed children playing instruments and waving bouquets of flowers. We were housed in luxurious accommodations on the former campus where we were free to explore. Photographs follow of the Kuling American School c. 1920 and; the "Thousand Step" pathway students negotiated on their way to campus:

Kuling American School c. 1920

One Thousand Steps
At Kuling, Mt. Lushan, China

Made in the USA
Middletown, DE
31 August 2023

In late summer 1924, Rev. Dr. Paul V. Taylor, Ph.D., D.D., arrived in China as a missionary with the reformed church. Over the next two decades, Rev. Taylor taught English, Philosophy of Education, and Psychology first at Huachung University in Wuchang, China and, from 1929 to 1950, was the Dean of the School of Education and Dean of Faculty of the Central China University. As the Japanese Imperial forces and the nascent Communist insurrection advanced, Rev. Taylor moved the University, including faculty, students, equipment and books several times on a 1,500 mile trek ending on the famed Burma Road. Rev. Taylor's inspiring adventures are here described in his own words.

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